

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1843.

Speculum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; or, Some Account of the Principles and Results of the Reformation of the Church of England. By JOHN HARTLAND WORGAN, M.A. Curate of Calthorpe, &c. London: Parker. Leicester: Crossley. 1843.

THIS is an admirable work, obviously the result of much study and reflection, vindicating, as we think, successfully, that which ought to require no vindication among us—the main character and essential principles of our English Reformation; taking a cheerful view of our prospects, and marked throughout by that hearty loyalty to the Reformed Church of England which we believe to be a necessary condition, as well of success in removing her defects as of all other healthy exertion within her pale. This last point is so important that we propose pausing on it, and devoting a couple of articles to the consideration of our ecclesiastical condition and character.

Is the Church of England Catholic or not? This is a question that is asked alike by friend or foe. If any understand it as an inquiry whether or not the Church of England be *the Catholic Church*, we must inform them at once, that we have no intention of either vindicating or impugning a thesis, the very proposal of which is an extreme absurdity. We should not, indeed, have alluded to this preposterous inquiry, had it not really been raised both by Romanist and Anglican writers, the former of whom are too glad to see made, and some of the latter of whom have been too willing virtually to make, such a ridiculous claim. When we ask whether or not the Church of England be Catholic, our inquiry can rationally and fitly take but two

directions. We may ask if she be a legitimate branch of the Catholic Church, so as alone to have rightful authority over those placed within her geographical boundaries: or secondly, we may ask if she be Catholic in tone, temper, and character, manifesting the reality of her profession to this effect, by her words and by her deeds.

Of these inquiries we have no intention, at present, of entering on the former. It is a question of facts, and of facts easily ascertained. It has been already abundantly discussed, and if there be any one of our readers who feels unsettled on the subject, we must refer him to the works of our standard divines, as containing all that can be said on it.

The latter, however, is ground that still remains in great measure to be worked; for, when our Romish assailants are tired of impeaching the validity of our orders, the sufficiency of our liturgy, and the orthodoxy of our doctrine, they not unfrequently, at present, shift the discussion from those points to our actual temper and practice, and impugn our Catholicity, by denying that we bear the fruits of Catholicity. They argue, "it is very well to say that you are Catholic, that you have never quitted the unity of the Church, that you hold the doctrine, and join in the sacraments, of the whole body of the faithful; that you have never broken the sacred line of the priesthood, that you propose no terms of communion but such as are entirely Catholic, and refuse none such as it is Catholic to demand of you. Granting all these things, for argument's sake, how come you to be so uncatholic in all you think, and say, and do? Try as you like, you cannot act the part which you claim for yourselves—your own habitual conduct condemns you. From the date of that event which you call the Reformation, your Church has been nothing but a national institution, and all your talk about Christ's universal kingdom and holy Catholic Church, has not opened to you one glimmering of communion with any christian souls born out of your own geographical limits." Nor is this estimate of the Church of England confined to Romanists. There are those among her own children who form a very similar one; who consider her to be indeed the branch of the Catholic Church to which they owe allegiance, but nevertheless to have forfeited every claim to their affection, except that essential one,—to be, in short, as uncatholic as it is possible for a Catholic Church to be.

Now, it is notionally possible that the case should be so. There might be a Church, having rightful authority over her children, and yet acting a cruel part by them, even as there are parents who must be revered and obeyed as such, though they have no personal claims on the respect or affection of their offspring. The Church of England may be the representative of the Church Catholic to Englishmen; and yet may be the

worst branch of that Church,—the coldest and the most neglectful,—may do less than any other for the spiritual advancement of her children, and may be the most willing of any to remain in a state of isolation, and consequent languor and decay. It is very distressing if the case be so; but it is, as we have said, supposable that it should, and many seem to think it certain that it is. Let us ask how far the facts justify such an impression.

We need hardly say, at the outset, that the interruption of communion between ourselves and the Latin Church, however great a calamity, does necessarily involve no loss of Catholicity. If our position can be justified in this respect, (as we have taken for granted,) then, though we must bear meanwhile with the partial loss of one of the most beautiful fruits of Catholicity, we may ourselves be altogether Catholic. The intercommunion of churches must not be confounded with the unity of the Church. The one is an unchangeable reality, "eternal in the heavens," of which each integral portion of the visible Church on earth is the sacrament, and to which each such portion conducts her faithful members: the other is a manifestation that men and churches perceive and enter into that reality, one of the fruits of Catholicity, but not Catholicity itself. For every faithful branch, nay, every faithful member, of the Church is so far Catholic; and only as being so, can either the one or the other be within the promises. Catholicity consists in having such an apprehension of the faith, and following such a line of conduct, as shall produce a capacity of, and readiness for, christian sympathy and communion with any church or any man willing, on true principles, to grant and return them; and if they be withheld, the offerer is not one whit the less Catholic. The question, then, comes to this, whether, the Catholicity of her formal position being granted, the Church of England does exhibit such capacity and readiness,—whether she be not herself too well pleased with her insular independence—whether she may not have discouraged Catholic communion when it might have taken place—whether she has not stinted her children of that largeness of sympathy and fellowship to which it was her part, as a Church, to have invited and raised them. This is some of the complaint which certain of them are now making against her. Let us see if they have any good reason for making it.

We have several times taken for granted the Catholicity of our formal position; *i. e.* we have taken for granted that our Church, as a Church, did nothing material at the Reformation, or subsequently, which she had not a right to do; nothing, therefore, which justified other churches in interrupting their communion with her. Our own convictions go further; for, since we believe the integral character, and consequent occasional independence, of churches to be as vital a truth as is the duty and privilege of intercommunion, we cannot but think that it

was right to bear a witness for it; and that, under the circumstances, the work of reformation could not have been accomplished without such a witness. But this is beside our present question. Has our Church ever exulted, or ever contentedly acquiesced in a state of separation from other churches? It costs us little to admit that her rulers, at the time of the Reformation, may not have always carried about with them a due sorrow for the schism in which they were taking a part. Such an admission in no way commits the Church, which has entered into the benefit of their labours; for she, simply as being a Church, must ever have a largeness and perfection beyond that of any of her individual members; they serve her each in his place and degree, each seeing his own especial side of that truth which she retains as a whole. While, therefore, it is no disparagement to the Anglican reformers, that they did not escape that one-sidedness which is more or less the necessary condition of each individual's thought and action; that, occupied with one great and holy work to which the Head of the Church had called them, they were not mentally and morally fitted for every other;* such considerations can still less be made an imputation against that Church which is committed to nothing about those men but their public and formal proceedings; and to whom in every other respect they are but two or three individuals among her children of one particular time. In this imperfect state of affairs, no truth, especially no long-forgotten truth, is ever very sedulously pursued, except at the temporary and partial expense of some other; it is our duty, for our own parts, to see that this be as little the case as possible; but as we can hardly hope altogether to avoid its occurrence in ourselves, so are we bound to look most leniently on it in others. As far, then, as we have yet gone, no worse case is made out against the Church of England than that, during the bustle and crisis of her Reformation, those who were engaged in that work may not, perhaps, have always kept their minds awake to considerations not directly connected with it.

Passing, then, the period of Reformation, what have been the subsequent tone and temper of our Church in this matter of communion with the rest of Christendom? That the seventeenth century saw no greater signs of christian intercourse between the English and other churches than had taken place during the sixteenth, we frankly admit; but we think that the same kind of considerations which we have pleaded on behalf of the

* It ought, moreover, to be mentioned, that the reformers generally cannot be considered to have known how vast and how long-enduring was to be the suspension of communion in Western Christendom; and that, the moment that fact became too apparent to be mistaken, English churchmen felt themselves called to a new line of thought and action, and the foundations were laid of that theology which has ever since been the characteristic of genuine English divines, and by means of which only can a more extensive development of Catholicism than we have yet seen be looked for.

one, may be abundantly extended to the other also. There was enough and more than enough to do at home; and, consequently, there was little or no leisure to look abroad. As, during the sixteenth century, the English Church had to work hard to get herself reformed, so, during the seventeenth, she had to toil first for her Catholicity, and next for her very existence. There was surely ample excuse for a communion leaving her foreign relations unattended to, which had to defend the necessary organization of the Church, and nearly every point of Catholic practice against puritan objections; then to struggle under persecution for her very existence; then, when restored to her worldly prosperity, to look about her and learn what was altered in her situation; then to guard herself against latitudinarianism and liberalism during a political crisis but too connected with those evils, under new rulers but too much disposed to favour them, and amid a literature inspired by their influence. Throughout all this period she was, in one form or other, fighting for her very life; so that we are brought down to the eighteenth century, without having yet seen the Reformed Church at any tolerable leisure to look beyond the enemies who were continually environing her.

But the eighteenth century, it will be said, was one of peace and repose, during which a Church, in the smallest degree Catholic, would have striven after a more extended fellowship than that embraced within the Anglican communion—would, although the doors of Western Christendom were shut against her, have turned to the East, and to her Colonies, cultivating the friendship of the one and enlarging her own borders throughout the other. Those who do not prefer this as an accusation against our Church, will for the most part meet it by disclaiming all sympathy with the spirit of the eighteenth century, and, as we may say, altogether washing their hands of it; for that unfortunate period stands alone among the ages in having no good word said for it. Nothing has ever received such universal abuse in the nineteenth century as its immediate predecessor. No *laudator temporis acti* ever extends to it the benefit of his disposition. No man* wishes to revive its fashions; no man who deems that he has “fallen on evil days,” turns a wistful eye to it, or anything belonging to it; no dreamy person is spoken of as *living in it*; no affected writer imitates its authors; its architecture is shuddered at; its literature despised; its canons of criticism listened to with a shrug; its great names mentioned with uplifted eye-brow; its decisions reversed; and its religion denounced alike by churchman and by sectary.

* We suspect we are right in keeping to the male sex; for certainly the other seems smit with some part at least of their great grandmothers' gear.

That so unfavourable an estimate of the last age could hardly have been formed by such a variety of persons and classes, and on such a multiplicity of grounds, without much good reason, seems impossible. When a man is abused by everybody, when each new narrator has some new deed of villany to recount of him, we are apt to conclude, that, although there may be much exaggeration and some invention on the subject, the party in question can hardly be a good man. And even so, we admit that there is too much ground for the abuse heaped on the last age, in its character, as displayed alike in literature and religion. At the same time such censure is apt to be far too indiscriminating. To hear one class of persons speak, a man would fancy that during the last century there had been absolutely no exercise of the imagination; that poetry never rose higher than the epigrammatic numbers of Pope—that no one ever looked at external nature, or read an English poet anterior to the age of Dryden. The dapper couplets of Pope, and the Latinized periods of Johnson, with the narrow principles of criticism followed by both, represent to such the literature of the last age in verse and in prose. Nor are they perhaps unfair representations of its leading character. Yet why should we forget the genuine poetry of Thomson, of Collins, and of Gray?—why should we forget the higher tone of thought which prevailed in the school of which the latter was the head? Just in the same way are people apt to fancy the theology of the age to be represented by Hoadley, Jortin, and Paley; and so to a lamentable extent it was. Yet it boasted Waterland, Jones, Horne, and Butler; the first, surely, no contemptible champion of orthodox truth; the last the great antagonist of the low principles, both of thought and action, which were prevalent around him, and continually amid works with which such had no direct connexion, dropping hints of Catholic truth; the two whose names we have placed between them, men whose lives were devoted to Church principles, and to the inculcation of a philosophy, of which, whatever opinion we may form of some of its articles, it is impossible to deny that it was eminently religious in its whole tone, that it was congenial to that of the Church in all ages, and that it possessed much substantial truth. Why should we forget, too, the active usefulness of Berkeley and of Secker, or the spread and prosperity of those two great Societies which are the arms of our Church?

All these points, and much more, we might plead on behalf of last century, were it our object to abate the unmixed censure with which it is now generally visited. It is more, however, to the purpose of our present argument to see if we cannot extend to it the benefit of some such considerations as those which we think amply vindicated its two predecessors. As during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Church of England had

enough to do in securing and vindicating her peculiar position, attacked as it was from every quarter, so, during the eighteenth, she had a work assigned her which could not be passed over. She had scarcely triumphed over her various enemies, when she found herself amid infidelity. That had been the melancholy result of the fanaticism of the seventeenth century. The men of the world had learned, amid such conflicting religions, to view all alike. Every unfanatical gentleman was an unbeliever. Bishop Butler tells us that the truths of the gospel were not so much rejected as considered unworthy of examination. The sacred history and its preternatural events were assailed by the many, and upheld, as it seemed, only by such as had a direct interest in upholding them. The decencies of religion were becoming more and more disregarded by the upper classes, who seemed divided into two classes,—the consciously and the unconsciously infidel. A new work was thus assigned to the Church. She had to become the apologist of her faith, not, as in former days, against the votaries of a false religion, but against the votaries of no religion at all. She had to make the men around her see that it was a reasonable thing to believe in the New Testament. This was necessary, but in its own nature degrading, work. We do not generally rise in our conceptions of that which we have to vindicate at every point. It needs not be so in itself—it would not be so, could men be but perfect; but, as a fact, it is so, that he who habitually defends the gospel against infidel objections comes far too much in contact with those objections for the good of his own mind. An age, therefore, when theologians have to write *Evidences of Christianity* cannot easily be an age of high and deep theology. Yet, though this be so, and though, moreover, no evidences can really attack the seat of disease in any individual case, it is necessary, when the gospel be denied, that such should be produced. It must not go forth that an objection has been made to the faith which her champions have been unable to meet. Not to convince the infidel, but to relieve the believer who may have been wounded by the infidel's darts, and to ward off those darts in future, to blunt their edge, to disarm them of power, must works be written on the evidences. This was the task assigned to the Church of England during the last century, and well and faithfully, on the whole, did she perform it. We do not mean to say that it could not have been done better. We do not deny that the arguments of our writers would have gained by a loftier tone; that, had they at other times shown a deeper insight into the faith which they defended, they would have exerted a far wider and a much healthier influence. There is nothing really incompatible between truths or between duties, and the more a man livingly apprehends of the one, and the more he practises of the other, so much better are both his apprehensions and his practice in each

particular case. Consequently, the champions of the faith last century would have greatly gained by a Catholic tone and temper in whatever they said or did, by turning their attention to other matters than the one work which they took in hand, and by occupying themselves with the very object which we are now partially excusing them for having neglected. But in our present imperfect condition, as we have already said, one good thing is seldom done except at the expense of another, and our part is not to fret because the Church of a past age did not show herself to be perfect, but to be thankful that wisdom and grace were vouchsafed to her for the main work she may have had to do. Such, we contend, was the case last century. The men who were on the Lord's side did put down infidelity. Their works may, in many things, indicate a low tone of thought; their principles are often very unsatisfactory; they frequently state the case in a way by which we are not prepared to abide,—but still they have supplied us with our classics on this subject; and though, as we have already remarked, it is not by means of such reasonings that a practical and profitable faith can be produced, the freethinker, if candid, may be led to serious consideration, by discovering what a fearful case, on the lowest grounds, there is against him.

We may further remark, that, if even what was most defective in the literature of the last age, had its necessity, and did its work in the furtherance and perfection of the English tongue and the English mind; if, as has been beautifully remarked, it be “not a reasonable cause for regret, that our language should have taken into itself some of that wonderful idiomatic force, that clearness and conciseness of arrangement, that correct pointing of expression towards the level of general understanding, which distinguish the French tongue above all others with which we are acquainted, and render allowable a comparison between it and the Latin, which occupied nearly the same post in the old civilization, as the organ, not of general and original thinking, but of thoughts accumulated, set in order, smoothed down, and ready for diffusion;” the same considerations may apply to our theology. Though it incurred a temporary loss of depth, it has probably gained in practical scope and purpose by being removed from the arena of the schools, and made to bear on the irreligion and impiety of ordinary life. A process like this may have been, humanly speaking, needful to fit it for the great work that seems now before it,—even that of contending, not for this or that feature, but for the whole substance of truth; for encountering the manifold forces of evil in their simultaneous onset; for affording guidance to the wanderer, before whom, not one or two, but a thousand misleading paths now lie temptingly open; and for answering and satisfying that cry of perplexity, and fear, and famine, which

seems going up from the voice of collective humanity. We may err in fancying this, but we cannot help the presentiment that little short of what we have described is the task now awaiting the Anglican Churches.

But though we have tried to show that the last age was not so deprived of vision as some imagine, that the cause of good was not altogether retrograding, nor even at an entire stand still, we cannot but confess that it was on the whole a low and miserable period, in which the Church and the minds of her children underwent none but a poor and stunted growth. All the facts testify to this; nor is it possible to deny, that England has deep reasons for penitence when she remembers her neglect for so long a time of such high privileges, how miserable a provision she made for the immortal souls of her emigrant people, how sinfully her Church discouraged the movement towards something higher and better than the prevailing habits and practice, and, all but driving it out of her pale, did in the same proportion force it into the channel of a sect. These and many kindred topics are mournful ones indeed—who can expect to find the age which suggests them, and which justly lies under the criminations which they urge, exhibiting, as an age, much Catholicity of sentiment in any one direction? Could the men of that time feel the need or aspire after the privileges of Catholic fellowship? Could they be pained at finding themselves isolated in Christendom, cut off, as it seemed, from the communion of the universal family?

But though we have thus come to a period in the history of the reformed English Church in which her contented isolation must be charged against her as a sin, let it be considered whether the low feeling of that period was in any way confined to her. It seems to have been all but universal over Christendom, comprehending nearly every religious communion. Was there not a comfortable contentedness in them all, with what diplomatists would call the *status quo*? Were the divisions of Christendom regarded by any as real evils? Were not the varying religions of the countries of Europe everywhere looked upon as so many national characteristics, just as much and just as natural and necessary as the varying languages, laws, and customs? Had not the different communions settled down each within its own geographical limits, comprising one country or more, as the case might be, without any very ardent desire of overstepping them, or of increasing their range? Surely the results described in the present pope's encyclical letter of 1832, would never have been arrived at, had not the Romish churches passed through a process in the time preceding very similar to that from which our own has, as we trust, emerged. Surely throughout that time the encroachments of the civil power, the inconsistency of sentiment and conduct, the shallow liberalism of which we have complained, have been quite as apparent among them as among

us. Of the low and wretched state into which the merely Protestant communities fell at the same time, how even the doctrine-loving Scotch sank to the level of Blair and Robertson, we need not speak at present.

The worst, then, that can be said of the reformed Church of England in the matter of Catholic fellowship comes to this; that, having three ages ago been compelled to assume a peculiar and critical position, it was all that she could do during the first two of these, to establish, maintain, and secure that position—all she could do to preserve her very existence; and that, during the following one, while she was far from dead or idle, she partook of a disease with which all Christendom was visited.

We have not, then, come to any thing that warrants making peculiar charges against the Church of England. The present age seems to be the one that calls upon her, as no other age ever did, to show that, Catholic in principles, she is resolved to be Catholic in practice also; that, as it was by no deed of hers that she became separate from other countries and people, so it is no delight of hers that she should be so—that she has sympathies and affection ready for all who worship the one Lord, receive the one baptism, and cleave to the one fellowship of the Church. Is she not doing this? Is not that Catholicism of position and of internal and intrinsic character which she has ever retained, now that the fit time has arrived, blossoming out into the promise of a large and abounding harvest of christian fellowship and sympathies over the whole earth? Let us look at the facts.

First, let us consider how enlarged her own communion has become. Its previous limitation was, as we have seen, no argument against her Catholicity; for that can never be determined by a mere majority; and on supposition of her being in the right, and Rome in the wrong, the highest Catholicity must all along have resided with her, and her children must have enjoyed the most unincumbered fellowship in the communion of saints. Still, as we have said, a large spread of intercommunion, though not to be confounded with Catholicity itself, is one of its most beautiful and blessed results; and by consequence a restricted communion must be in its measure a calamity. Now this calamity is for us lessening every day, and almost disappearing. Our Church is no longer a small province in Christendom. She is spreading over the wide world. Her assailants may taunt her with being an island Church, but she may rather claim to be called the Church of the Islands. The intercommunion of our churches is no longer limited to twenty-six dioceses in England, and a few more in Ireland—all over the globe there are now apostolical chairs beneath which we can place ourselves, and the privileges dispensed by which we can claim when within their range. Our ritual has a more extensive sway even than that of St. Basil; its solemn and stately words are uttered from the

opposite ends of the earth; the incense of our sacrifice is made up of prayers from every quarter of the globe. There may have been much amiss in our Church, and much still remaining to rectify; but surely we have no right to despond, who within thirty years have had the planting of fourteen Episcopal sees; and seen the completed organization of our Church extended to the remotest tributaries of our empire.

And next look at our increasing communion with foreign churches. It would be wrong to call the recent act of recognition the commencement of our communion with the sister, or rather daughter Church in Scotland; for *communion* has, in fact, always existed between us and them. But the clerical intercourse which is opened to us by that act is surely a movement towards greater expansion of christian fellowship; it is a formal and legal recognition of that which indeed we had never denied, that our communion is not confined to ourselves, that it extends to other independent and varying churches. And so, of course, of the same measure in its bearing on the Church of the United States. The services which accompanied the recent consecration at Leeds, were assisted in both by a Scottish and an American prelate. Is not the change which has rendered this possible a very cheering one?

But the considerations which arise out of the American Church are not confined to such as may be connected with the recent act. The birth and giant growth of that Church supply us with one of our most triumphant answers to the taunts of the Romanist or the murmurs of the discontented child of our own Church; they show what a blessing has rested on Anglicanism, how creative and expansive our Church is capable of being. Even in what we have granted to have been a dark hour, our Church gave birth to that Western daughter whose sway seems destined to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which may perhaps be called on, as the churches of the old world once were, to put forth her healing energies, and manifest herself as an effectual principle of order and harmony, when all besides shall have failed.

With these two interesting churches, the humble and venerable one which has been preserved in Scotland, and for which too, a calling like that at which we have just hinted, may very probably be reserved, and with the young and vigorous one which gives us hope for America, we are in full communion, and enjoy no inactive or infrequent intercourse.

We may mention also our late intercourse with the Eastern Churches, which slight and insignificant as it is in itself, and divided as men's minds are respecting the measure in which it originated, does imply a recognition of those oriental communions as in the same family with ourselves. In the same way

the recent visit of Bishop Tomlinson to Athens is an earnest of future good.

We have not dwelt on such things as if we saw nothing in the view of our condition but what is bright and promising. We must not be understood as if we did not admit and deplore a thousand features in our ordinary life, in our habitual sentiments, and in our religion which are most uncatholic, and which we must with God's help reform, if we hope that our Church and nation are to be spared. But we have enforced the topics on which we have touched for the sake of those who, feeling themselves to be uncatholic, shift the blame from themselves to the Church which bore and has nourished them, and are fain to believe that the communion which makes the largest promises to them in this respect, would also prove the one which would keep them best. Such seem to remain in the Anglican Church only from the sort of feeling of which we spoke at the outset—a sense that she is the lawful one of this land; and that, however preferable may be those of the Roman obedience where they are in lawful occupation, in England they are schismatic. Hence, has arisen a way of speaking which merits, we think, some indignation, as though it were a great piece of self-denial in a member of the English Church to adhere to her communion, instead of becoming a Roman Catholic. The parties in question seem to think that if abroad, and if a few intellectual difficulties, under which they perchance still labour, could but be removed, they would really be in a more Catholic position by reconciling themselves to Rome, than is possible for any set of people in England. We have no wish to be needlessly severe on those foreign churches; none whatever to deny their legitimacy, none, in spite of all their gross corruptions, to withhold from them the title of Catholic, except as regards the terms of communion which they impose; nor any difficulty in believing that their faithful children do attain a high and genuine Catholicity of sentiment. But we feel bound to proclaim our conviction, that in a Christendom so lamentably divided as the present, *there is no position nearly so Catholic as the Anglican*, in which term we comprehend, of course, our fellow-churchmen both in Scotland and America; and that any Anglican who forsakes our communion for that of Rome, even though he goes to a land where a Romish Church is in lawful occupation, does of necessity sustain a heavy loss of Catholicity. Let us compare his former and his present case.

In the Anglican communion, he had, as her most discontented children will allow, a true Church, the vision of blessed peace in holy Jerusalem—by access to that communion, he had access to Mount Sion, and the city of the living God; by real fellowship with it, he enjoyed the communion of saints. To illustrate these privileges, and confirm his faith in them, he was blessed, as we have

shown, with a wide-spread present fellowship—a fellowship extending to every quarter of the globe. With what real manifestation of the Church's life, may we ask, were his sympathies checked? He might enjoy the contemplation of Spanish, or Italian, or other foreign piety of the present day, with this glad feeling, that if those who display it, might not have been prepared to recognise him as a christian brother, he recognised them in that light; that if their churches repelled him from their altars, his had done nothing to repel them, would welcome them now as she had welcomed those who thought like them in by-gone times. Then he might claim fellowship with all the piety of the first fifteen hundred years of the Church without one painful reservation; he used the prayers and confessed his faith in the words of early doctors and confessors, he joined in the voice of the Church universal, the Church of all ages no less than of all places. Besides this he enjoyed near relationship to, and might cherish close sympathy with, a succession of saints better and holier than whom no Church can claim; the noble Ridley, the pure seraphic spirit of Hooker, the primitive Andrewes, the martyred Laud, the heavenly Herbert, Hammond too, and Taylor, and Leighton, and Bull, and Nelson, and Walton, and others of whom "the time would fail us to speak," from all of whom he must now turn away his eyes, and believe himself to be separated; for he has learned to anathematize them, and to declare that they lived and died without the unity of Christ's Church, or the grace of his sacraments. Add to this the amount of present piety in his native land and Church from which he must now withdraw his sympathies, and we form some conception of the loss in Catholicity sustained by him who quits a Church that has done nothing to exclude from her communion a single real disciple of the Lord, and joins one that shuts out all who cannot join in certain strange and modern dogmas.

It may be said, however, that what he loses in christian fellowship, is more than compensated to him by the rich and frequent opportunities and means of spiritual sustenance with which he is now furnished. To this we reply that our question has not related to the life of the individual soul, but to Catholicity. At the same time, as the only genuine piety is Catholic, in so far as the privileges in question have been purchased by a forfeiture of Catholicity, must they be vitiated; and it were easy, did our present limits permit, to show that the longing after what is at present peculiar to Romanism, proceeds rather from what is individual and tending to separation, than from what is really Catholic in those who exhibit it. And let those privileges, taken at their best, be duly weighed against those which can be enjoyed by us. The one that will first be pitched upon is the possibility in the Romish churches of frequent, and even

of weekly communion.* Now, on this subject our opinions are well known to our readers. We have always maintained, and are not likely, we think, ever to cease maintaining, that infrequent, that everything short of weekly communion, is a falling off from the first love of the Church, and must be proclaimed as such till we have returned thereto. At the same time, let it be remembered, that the children of our Church receive the entire sacrament of their Lord's Body and Blood; and who can say that their privilege in this is not greater than their disadvantage in the other, as the sin of their Church in causing that other is surely less than the sin of those churches which dare to tamper with their Lord's holy institution? Again, let it be considered that we are approaching to a Reformation as regards the frequency of our communions. Their celebration once a month is now common everywhere, and in towns we think nearly universal. In some London churches, and we suppose in many other places, a still greater frequency has been attained. Is, then, the time when so marked an improvement has been vouchsafed—an improvement so great as to give good hope of a return, at no distant period, to the true state of affairs—is this the time to lose courage, and, we do not say desert our posts, but by the spiritlessness of our defence seriously weaken them? Be it remembered, too, that the murmurers amongst us, are the very persons who have it most in their power to avail themselves of the improvements of which we have been speaking; belonging for the most part to the upper classes, and not generally, as far as our observation has reached, debarred from the places where reformation has been carried furthest.

Again, in the recent yearning towards Romanism, there has been manifested a craving after the privileges of private confession and absolution. But are such privileges unattainable among us? Our Church only differs from Rome in not enforcing confession; she leaves it free to her members to have recourse to it under any circumstances, and expressly recommends it in some. It would be difficult, from the nature of the case, to say how often it may not be practised at present; but anyhow there exists not the slightest impediment in the way of carrying it as far as the wants of the soul may be found to require.

These, we believe, are the principal points of temptation just now presented by Rome to the devout soul. Any others which may exist are surely of subordinate importance. If a man allege the beauty of Roman Catholic rites, the solemn music, the processions, the incense, the hymns, the antiquarian interest that attaches itself to so much of the Romish ceremonial, he hardly deserves an answer. A rebuke is more suited to his

* Devout men abroad very frequently communicate every Sunday, and some every day but one of the year.

case. We have no wish that he or that any man should shut his eyes to beauty; none to deny that the beauty in question is rare and of a high order, or even that it is something more than mere beauty—that it is devotional too. We fully admit that it is a great privilege to have come in contact with it, and that much is to be learned from its contemplation. But a man who can set it up in reply to the solemn considerations which we have been urging, who can admit it as an argument capable of weighing against them—a man who pleads it when we are showing him where to find the Heavenly City, the holy Jerusalem, the presence of his Saviour, cannot be looking at serious things in a serious spirit, cannot be regulating his steps as in the presence of his Judge. Did the argument deserve an answer, we might well reply to it in kind. We might well question the *intellectual* perception of the man to whom the matchless beauty of the Anglican prayer-books is unapparent, who cannot see that their majesty is altogether unrivalled, that their pure dignity, their manly freedom from everything unworthy of their high scope, and the manliness which they presume in those who are to use them, not condescending to treat such as children, to sport with the inferior parts of their being, to allow them in a base servitude to the senses, in anything beneath the loftiness belonging to “kings and priests unto God”—that these place them far above the ritual possessions of any other churches.*

In truth, we have been all along *understating* our grounds; for we have already said that we hold the Anglican to be the most Catholic position which a Christian can occupy at present; and if this be so, its privileges cannot be confined to the bare particulars on which we have grounded our assertion. They must be rich, and wide, and far extending. On the other hand, if Romanism add to the faith,—if it teach that for truth which is not truth, then we cannot tell what a forfeiture of Catholicity is made by its votaries. For Catholicity is the true position of man, the standing that has been won for redeemed and regenerate humanity; and in so far as we corrupt or pervert the provisions that have been given us for seeing and occupying such a position and standing, do we obviously endanger our possession of them. So intimately connected are the several parts of the unspeakable gift, that we cannot tamper with any without affecting our hold of all. The proposal of one term of communion beyond what is right, not only is uncatholic in itself, but, inasmuch as it necessarily proceeds from an erroneous view of redeemed humanity, (for what are terms of communion but ex-

* We might also ask, what would those prayer-books be, were their provisions really carried out; what are they, wherever honest attempts are made to carry them out? And the answer we think must be,—as greatly beautiful as any things we are permitted to see and hear upon earth.

ponents of our true standing in Christ?) it indicates, and of course perpetuates, an uncatholic temper.

We must notice one more objection to the Anglican communions, both because of its frequency and importance, and also because it will conduct us to another branch of the subject on which we hope to have more to say next month. The class of persons to whom we have been alluding are apt to feel sensibly what they consider the weakness of their own Church as compared with those under Rome. The substance of their complaint has been thus strikingly stated by one who gives no appearances of belonging to their number, and in the spirit of whose remarks neither they nor we must be supposed to concur:—

“ We will, therefore, at present advert to only one important part of the policy of the Church of Rome. She thoroughly understands, what no other Church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects—particularly in infant sects—enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects—particularly in sects long established and richly endowed—it is regarded with aversion. The Catholic Church neither submits to enthusiasm, nor proscribes it, but uses it. She considers it as a great moving force, which, in itself, like the muscular powers of a fine horse, is neither good nor evil, but which may be so directed as to produce great good, or great evil; and she assumes the direction to herself. It would be absurd to run down a horse like a wolf; it would be still more absurd to let him run wild, breaking fences, and trampling down passengers. The rational course is to subjugate his will, without impairing his vigour—to teach him to obey the rein, and then to urge him to full speed. When once he knows his master, he is valuable in proportion to his strength and spirit. Just such has been the system of the Church of Rome with regard to enthusiasts. She knows that when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the mind, they impart a strange energy, that they raise men above the dominion of pain and pleasure, that obloquy becomes glory, that death itself is contemplated only as the beginning of a higher and happier life. She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant; but he will do and suffer things which it is for her interest that somebody should do and suffer, yet from which calm and sober-minded men would shrink. She accordingly enlists him in her service, assigns to him some forlorn hope, in which intrepidity and impetuosity are more wanted than judgment and self-command, and sends him forth with her benedictions and her applause.

“ In England it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusement or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable desire, to impart to others

the thoughts of which his own heart is full—to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion, is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbours; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly unmixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers. But, admitted or rejected, his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Papist bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the Eleven. Nor will he, for lack of human credentials, spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true Head of the Church. For a man thus minded, there is within the pale of the establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author, nor write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill, or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A licence is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer, or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

“Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the Church of which he is a minister. To that Church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals, whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the palace on the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment, and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice, of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars.

“Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison, to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as

St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry, would be foundress and first superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Gaols.

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome; he is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honour of the Church."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxii. pp. 247—250.

In addition to this, such persons will probably allege our timid use of the arts, our faint appeals to the imagination, the scantiness and indirectness of allusion to their specific subjects which mark most of our festivals, and our absence of solicitude to give free scope to the especial tastes and feelings which may characterize our worshippers. The Church, they will tell us, should span the whole being of her children; she should have resources wherewith to satisfy all their cravings, an answer to all their questionings, a gratification for all their innocent tastes in everything, she should woo them to herself as their true home—their shelter of repose and delight. While the Roman Churches have done this, have consulted the natures, accommodated themselves to the wants, and found scope for the energies of all their children, our own, it will be alleged, has failed in the duty; she has left her children with many a want unsupplied, and many an anxious doubt unremoved; she has lost sight of, and let fall from her many an energy which ought to have been expended within her pale, and in her service.

Now, it is no part of our aim to represent the English Church as perfect. We have come to what is precisely her weak point, though the evil seems to us by no means incurable, or unlikely to be cured. But though we admit that our Church is not free from blame in this respect, (as for instance in having rejected the services of Wesley and his coadjutors) there are serious considerations which ought not to be excluded from a comparison between her and Rome, as regards it. There is no little power in unscrupulosity; an anxious conscience *seems* to the natural eye to produce weakness. What a man might be if he had no temptations to struggle with, no evils which he must fly, cannot be made a rule for him while encompassed by temptation and infirmity. And just so with a Church; she is always in danger from without and from within; and she can hardly move with all that untrammelled grace, or burst out into all that free and full development which are appropriate, doubtless, to her idea, and which will be seen in her when once that idea shall have become altogether actual. We are well persuaded, on the one hand, that much which seems like weakness in the Anglican Churches proceeds from their being by far the most conscientious of all; and on the other, that Rome has derived much strength from unscrupulosity. In the masterly description which we have quoted of her resources, her care to avail herself of all the varied temperaments and energies of her children, there is undoubtedly much truth, and truth, too, neither altogether to her

discredit, nor such as we should not do well seriously to consider. At the same time, the picture has another side, to which we must give heed also. Hear the words of one who, with all his faults, had the keenest vision into character of any man of his time. Thus did the late Edward Irving describe Rome, when her peculiar system had attained its perfection. According to him, her structure "had a chamber for every natural faculty of the soul, and an occupation for every energy of the natural spirit. She there permitted every extreme of abstemiousness and indulgence, fast and revelry; melancholy abstraction and burning zeal; subtle acuteness and popular discourse; world-renunciation and worldly ambition; embracing the arts and the sciences and the stores of ancient learning; adding antiquity, and misrepresentation of all monuments of better times; and covering carefully, with a venerable veil, that only monument of better times which was able to expose the false ministry of the infinite superstition." Some of this language is certainly unguarded, but the great fact asserted by it cannot, we think, be disproved, that Rome maintains her influence and enlarges her resources by cultivating the natural man; and if this be so, we must not envy her any advantages which she may gain from the practice.

We have much yet to say which we must reserve for next month. Meanwhile, to show that we have high living authority for looking upon the Church of England with admiring gratitude, and on her prospects with high heart and hope, we will cite the words of one who is not more distinguished for learning and ability than for candour. Thus speaks Archdeacon Manning, in his recent Charge:—

"The Church of England is making herself known and felt as a spiritual kingdom in all parts of the earth; and there must needs be at home some intense life and energetic power which can throw out its influence through so remote a sphere. When any one talks to us of dangers and divisions, let the extension of our communion suffice to show, that what are mistaken for dangers and divisions, are chiefly the efforts of inward power necessary to all great actions and movements of the Church. I am firmly persuaded that the last three centuries have opened a new era, so to speak, in the history of Christendom; and that the basis of doctrine and discipline which has been vindicated by this branch of the Church Catholic is destined to be the basis of unity to the Church of the next ages.

"The first condition of our usefulness at this day is this—a steadfast and thorough faith in the life and truth of the Church of England; and that not as a successful controversial dogma, but as a consciousness which is inseparable from our spiritual life.

"The tokens of God's favour have of late been more and more visibly upon her: she has her trials; but there are no trials in her way but such as are her portion on earth: there are many advantages in her favour, such as few branches of the Catholic body have ever possessed, and perhaps none at this day so fully retain.

"There is no country in the world where, with a free toleration of all religious diversities, with a free action of all religious sects, I wish I were not forced to say even with a direct encouragement of religious aggression, the bulk of the people is still so steadfast to the national Church as in England. In countries where toleration is granted, the Church has ceased to be the Church of the nation: in countries where the Church of the nation still contains the whole people, there is no toleration given. It seems, then, that the position of the English Church, and the hold it has over the mass of the people, despite of commerce and controversies, of free and even licentious discussion, of error and all the vices of a luxurious and self-guiding age, is a great and undeniable proof of its reality and energy. It is a remarkable fact that, in other countries of Europe, education has estranged the confidence and attachment of men from the teaching and practice of the Church. It there has hold upon the poor; but the upper classes bear to it an empty, nominal allegiance. For the most part literature also is severed from faith. In England, on the other hand, where education is fullest, the Church is strongest; as education has advanced, the Church has rooted herself to a greater depth; every advance of education will directly confirm the hold of the Church upon the reason and will of the English people."

Lives of the Queens of England. By AGNES STRICKLAND.
Vol. VI. *Queen Elizabeth.* London: Colburn. 1843.

THE tone of feeling which pervaded the life of Mary, lately reviewed by us, prepared us for the greater portion of those depreciating expressions with which this volume of Miss Strickland's abounds. It must be admitted that, in very many of the incidents of the lives of Mary and Elizabeth, the conduct of the sisters is so opposed, that admiration of the one must lead to distaste towards the other; and this is peculiarly the case in the earlier scenes of the princesses' lives. Still, however, we cannot but regret, that our authoress has not distinguished between a proper admiration of Mary and a hatred of Elizabeth, that she has not been aware how well she might have defended the one from unjust aspersions, without exhibiting towards her sister such unmitigated hatred.

Miss Strickland's task in relating the lives of the two queen-children of Henry the Eighth was no easy one. Mary was one of those few female characters in history on whom we have been led, by early education and long-formed opinions, to look with suspicion, if not with disgust. Elizabeth, on the contrary, in the minds of the majority of the English, can do no wrong. With these two prejudices our authoress has had to contend: with the first, we think successfully, because fairly. She attempted neither to deny nor to justify the cruelties that were perpetrated during the reign of Mary; she only placed the burden on the right shoulder. She showed the natural mind and feelings of the Princess, the power of her counsellors, and, eventually, of her merciless husband, over her, and she traced the spring of cruelty to the right source. Not so with

Elizabeth. It is not the fairest, and therefore by no means the best way, to raise one prejudice against another; it is not the way to bring people to a right view of the sayings and doings of the Virgin Queen, to meet the old cry, of Elizabeth could do nothing wrong, by one equally erroneous, she could do nothing right.

The present volume includes the early life of Elizabeth, and about six-and-twenty years of her long and prosperous reign, during which we find little but repeated negotiations concerning matrimony, interspersed with progresses from one lord's house to another. Waiting until the appearance of the concluding volume of this memoir of the Queen, in order to review the reign of Elizabeth, we propose to sketch, with some minuteness, the life of Elizabeth as Princess.

"On the seventh day of September, being Sunday," says the quaint old historian, Hall, "between three and four in the afternoon, the Queen was delivered of a fair ladye." This was the Princess Elizabeth. The child of Henry and Anne Bullen was born at the favourite palace of her father, at Greenwich, and a goodly procession, with tapers, robes, and costly ornaments, ushered in the christening of the royal babe, at the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars. For three years the royal babe was brought up as the heiress of the throne, the preliminaries of the royal weaning being settled with as much form and ceremony, between Henry and his grave councillors of state, as if the fate of the realm depended on the operation. Nothing was too good for the babe; no royal palace, much less any nobleman's mansion, was to be spared from being the nursery of the infant Princess. In three short years all was changed; the babe was motherless, deserted, stigmatized as illegitimate, and indebted even for necessary raiment to the solicitations of her kind nurse, the Lady Margaret Bryan, and the condescension of the minister Cromwell.

"My Lord," writes the Lady Margaret to Cromwell, "after my most bounden duty, I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me them, that was my greatest comfort in this world, to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redless* (without redress) creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to * * me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship; which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth; and now it bideth me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my Lady Mary's grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady mistress, and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his grace have had since.

"Now it is so, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at now, I know not but by heresay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers, *and that she may have some raiment. She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen,—nor forsmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor vails, nor body sliackets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggins.* All these her grace must take; I have driven off as long as I can, that,

by my troth, I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours, and that I shall do in everything. And whatsoever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfill it to the best of my power."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 9, 10.

Without pretending to interpret all the extraordinary portions of her grace's wardrobe disclosed in the Lady Margaret's piteous appeal, there can be but little doubt that this solicitation was not for mere decent mourning for the murdered mother of the Princess, as Strype would wish us to believe, but actually was body linen for the now neglected child of poor Anne Bullen. The rest of the letter, which we cannot now quote, has also its value to those who can trace in early discipline and denial the future habits of the pupil. Skelton, the relative of Anne Bullen, who was appointed with Lady Bryan in the government of the Princess, would have kept up as long as he could the pomp and luxury of the establishment at the royal nursery at Langley. He insisted that the infant should dine and sup at a state table, where the Lady Margaret could ill restrain her young charge from the wine, fruit, and highly seasoned delicacies placed on the board. And it may be that, to the judicious conduct of her governess, added to the salutary adversity into which her early years were cast, we owe much of the firmness of character and future greatness of Elizabeth.

"The feelings of jealous dislike, which the Princess Mary naturally felt towards her infant rival, were gradually subdued, by the endearing caresses of the innocent child, when they became sisters in adversity. When Mary again incurred the displeasure of her capricious sire, and was forbidden to come within a certain distance of the court, Elizabeth became once more the associate of her little brother's sports, and afterwards shared his studies. The early predilection of these royal children for their learning was remarkable. 'As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome,' says Heywood, 'were these *Horæ Matutinæ*, that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling.' They took no less delight in the practice of their religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours were exclusively devoted. 'The rest of the forenoon,' continues our author, 'breakfast alone excepted, they were instructed in languages and science, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes; and when he was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needle-work.'"—*Elizabeth*, p. 15.

Had Queen Katherine Howard maintained her early influence over her husband, in all probability, Elizabeth would have been restored to the succession to the throne, and placed once more before her elder sister. The reign of the second Kate was too short to effect this change, and her disgrace and death sent Elizabeth once more into retirement with her sister at Havering Bower, until the accession of Kate the third recalled her to her father's court, and for a time to the society of her new step-mother.

"Elizabeth at that time was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty and very graceful manners; she had wit at

command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, 'that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world.' At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture, the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. . . . Like her elder sister, the Princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age, by the ease and grace with she conversed in that language; French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, she both spoke and wrote, with the same facility, as her native tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit, but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 18, 19.

Such, according to all cotemporary writers, was the Princess Elizabeth, when the death of Henry summoned the boy-king to his father's throne. By her father's will Elizabeth was third in the succession to the crown, and on strict terms of equality of fortune with her elder sister; three thousand pounds a-year to maintain her dignity, and a marriage portion of ten thousand more, provided she married with the consent and approbation of her brother and his council.

With the accession of Edward comes the first questionable act, or rather the first of a series of questionable acts between Elizabeth and the Admiral Seymour. It has been said, that so far had Seymour advanced in his addresses to the Princess before her father's death, that had Henry lived but a few months longer, she would have been, voluntary or not, his bride. It is nearly certain that the Admiral renewed his offers immediately on Henry's death, and met with a firm refusal from the Princess, in which conduct Katherine Parr had been her instigator. The last of the Queens of Henry exposed to Elizabeth the unsuitableness of such an alliance; her advice was but right, her conduct questionable. Four days after she had persuaded Elizabeth to reject Seymour, she herself, regardless of the king's memory, had accepted him as her affianced lover. Hence arose that fatal jealousy which so soon divided the Princess and the Queen Dowager, and to which feeling may be traced many of the acts and sayings of the former, regarding Seymour, which have rendered the early years of Elizabeth open to severe remarks.

To Mary the sudden marriage of Katherine and Seymour was most offensive, and anxious, as well as ready, to mark her disgust at such conduct, she hastened to offer her sister a residence in her house, that both might unite in testifying their disapproval of this hasty and unsuitable alliance.

"Elizabeth, however, young as she was, had too much self-command to commit herself by putting a public affront on the best beloved uncle of the king, her brother, who was by no means unlikely to supersede Somerset in his office of protector; neither did she feel disposed to come to a rupture with the Queen Dowager, whose influence with King Edward was considerable; therefore, in

reply to her sister, she wrote a very political letter, 'telling her that it behoved them both to submit with patience to that which could not be cured, as neither of them were in a position to offer any objection to what had taken place, *without making their condition worse than it was*;' observing, that they had to do with a very powerful party, without possessing themselves the slightest credit at court; so that the only thing they could do was to dissemble the pain they felt at the disrespect with which their father's memory had been treated. She excuses herself from accepting Mary's invitation, 'because,' she says, 'the Queen had shown her so much friendship, that she could not withdraw herself from her protection without appearing ungrateful,' and concludes with these words: 'I shall always pay the greatest deference to the instructions you may give me, and submit to whatsoever your highness shall be pleased to ordain.'—*Elizabeth*, pp. 23, 24.

It is needless here to dilate upon the romplings between the Admiral and the Princess, which embittered the wedded happiness of Katherine Parr. Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place witnessed many a familiarity between the quondam lover and Elizabeth, not a whit less culpable than what brought the Queen of the Howard race to her untimely end. It is impossible to determine to what extent this conduct was carried; it may have been that the youthful Princess and the libertine Seymour, whilst they gave good occasion for scandal, abstained from actual guilt. But be it as it may, few can read the evidence of Mrs. Ashley, the nurse of Elizabeth, and doubt that this abstinence from shame and sorrow was due to the fears of Katherine Parr, and the immediate separation which she effected between Elizabeth and her husband, rather than to any want of levity on the part of the Princess. Severe as Katherine was in her remarks on the conduct of Elizabeth, still the tenor of the correspondence between her and her former friend seem to prove that she regarded her conduct as a passing passion, rather than as a guilty attachment; whilst the politic replies of Elizabeth, evidence at once the sorrow she felt at this separation from her lover, and her strong desire to maintain a fair repute with Katherine, whom she respected and feared. Within a few weeks of the departure of Elizabeth to Cheston, the wife of Seymour gave birth to a girl, and ere seven days were passed had fallen a victim to her maternal sufferings. The servants of the Admiral reported to those of Elizabeth, that their master "was a heavy man for the loss of his wife." The Princess smiled at the affection of Seymour, and when the imprudent governess wished her to write a letter of condolence to the widower, Elizabeth replied with truth, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." It is to be regretted that the Princess did not adhere to her determination. The scheming Mrs. Ashley was not to be put off. "If your grace will not write," said she, "then will I;" the epistle was penned, submitted to the approval of the Princess, and sent to the widower of her father's widow. Elizabeth was much to be pitied; she was but fifteen, and had now no maternal friend to direct her; her governess, and every one in her household, was leagued against her peace of mind, and eager, from various motives, to promote her union with the Admiral; Mrs. Ashley and her treasurer, Thomas

Parry, were the creatures of Seymour, and ceased not in their endeavours to further his presumptuous designs against their mistress.

"There can, however, be little doubt that a powerful impression was made on Elizabeth by the addresses of Seymour, seconded, as they were, by the importunity of her governess, and all who possessed her confidence. The difference of nearly twenty years in their ages, was, probably, compensated by the personal graces which had rendered him the Adonis of her father's court, and she was accustomed to blush when his name was mentioned, and could not conceal her pleasure when she heard him commended. In a word, he was the first, and perhaps, the only, man whom Elizabeth loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice. She acknowledged she would have married him, provided he could have obtained the consent of the council. To have contracted wedlock with him, in defiance of that despotic junta, by whom the sovereign power of the crown was then exercised, would have involved them both in ruin; and even if passion had so far prevailed over Elizabeth's characteristic caution and keen regard for her own interest, Seymour's feelings were not of that romantic nature which would have led him to sacrifice either wealth or ambition on the shrine of Love. My lord admiral had a prudential eye to the main chance, and no modern fortune-hunter could have made more particular inquiries into the actual state of the lady's finances, than he did into those of the fair and youthful sister of his sovereign, to whose hand he, the younger son of a country knight, presumed to aspire."—*Elizabeth*, p. 30.

At last the storm broke; the council, who had watched the plans of the Admiral from the beginning, arrested him for treasonable practices, and the dear friends of Elizabeth, Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry, disclosed to the Protector and his friends the most minute accounts they could offer of the intercourse between their mistress and their employer, Seymour. The council, by their creature Tyrwhitt, scrupled not to endeavour to elicit from Elizabeth words self-condemnatory; but, though the *employée* of Somerset endeavoured to work on the fears of the Princess, and to represent the readiness with which Ashley and Parry would reveal everything, and besought Elizabeth to anticipate their disclosures, the Princess remained firm in her denial of any criminality; admitted, indeed, her regard, yea, more, her admiration of Seymour, but continually denied that she would have allied herself with him against the wishes of her royal brother and his despotic governors. Well aware of the imminent danger into which she had been drawn by the, to say the least, injudicious advice of her governess, and the ready disclosures of Ashley and Parry, still she never deserted them in their adversity, and dared, firmly and nobly, to intercede for them with Somerset. In her letter to the Protector, where she pleads for Kateryn Ashley and her husband, it is pleasing to remark, how plainly she claims them for her relatives, and, while she admits the error of their doings, defends her injudicious friends from any traitorous design against the King or his protector. The enemies of Elizabeth were little aware of her presence of mind, when they thought to elicit from her some symptom of emotion, capable of a bad interpretation, when they told her that the Admiral had expiated his errors and his follies on the scaffold. The malignant curiosity of

the official spies was disappointed, when all she said was, "this day died a man of much wit and very little judgment." Was this extraordinary instance of self-command nothing more than a mark of apathy? It is scarcely credible. It is irreconcilable with the favour she ever bestowed on Harrington, the Admiral's most faithful follower, and with the pleasure with which she, when England's Queen, received from his hands the portrait of her lover, with the sonnet in which Seymour was described as a

"Subject true to king, a servant great,
Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;"

and where the sonnetteer dared to say,

"That against nature, reason, and just laws,
His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause."

For at least a year after the death of Seymour, Elizabeth remained in profound retirement, and devoted her time to the pursuit of learning. Her head governess, the Lady Tyrwhitt, the friend of the late Queen Katherine, was one of those who had supported the principles of the Reformation, even to the risk of her life, and from her Elizabeth imbibed much of her love of that theology which the polemic spirit of the day rendered a subject of powerful interest. One little incident, in the year 1550, shows the principles on which some of the leaders of the Reformation acted. Elizabeth seems to consider it quite a matter of business to order her treasurer to write to Cecil, to solicit from him the living of Harptree, in Somersetshire, for her yeoman of the robes, John Kenyon. It appeared no sin in the eyes of the reforming Princess to solicit ecclesiastical offices for a layman, and to deprive the Church of the scanty provision still left to her by Somerset and his coadjutors.

The fall of Somerset was the reason of Elizabeth's summons from her retirement to her brother's court. Northumberland, foiled by the coolness of Mary, wished to divert the popular attention from her and her cause, and to obtain for the reforming Princess some portion at least of that respect and hearty welcome which her elder sister had obtained, when she entered London to defend her adherence to her mother's faith. Elizabeth, at this period, was rigidly simple in her dress, in conformity to the mode of the church of Geneva, to which the sterner Protestants looked as an exemplar in doctrine and discipline. Did she ever lay aside her plain attire, it was at the command of her sister. Aylmer would have us believe, "that then she so wore it, that all men might see that her body carried that which her heart disliked." When we remember the pictures of the maiden Queen, it is difficult to believe, with the learned Doctor, that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time, made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks; or that, when, in 1551, the court of Edward was, for a short season, gay with the brilliant *cortège* of Mary of Lorraine, "all the ladies went with their hair frounced, curled, and double curled, except the Princess Elizabeth,

who altered nothing, but kept her old maiden shamefacedness." Miss Strickland's remarks on the conduct of Elizabeth at this period are bitter to excess. Our readers must form their own opinions of their truthfulness.

"At a later period of life, Elizabeth made up, in the exuberance of her ornaments, and the fantastic extravagance of her dress, for the simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of sweet seventeen. What would her reverend eulogist have said, if, while penning these passages in her honour, the vision of her three thousand gowns, and the eighty wigs of divers coloured hair, in which his royal heroine finally rejoiced, could have risen in array before his mental eye, to mark the difference between Elizabeth of seventeen and Elizabeth of seventy. The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer, and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress, which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame which had been sullied by the cruel implication of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures in the proceedings against the Lord Admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court.

"The part which she was ambitious of performing, was that of heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the catholic portion of the people. That Elizabeth was already so considered, and that the royal sisters were early placed in incipient rivalry to each other, by the respective partisans of the warring creeds which divided the land, may be gathered from the observations of their youthful cousin, Lady Jane Grey, when urged to wear the costly dress that had been presented to her by Mary; 'Nay, that were a shame to follow my Lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 59, 60.

The king was on his death-bed, when Northumberland, under the specious name of conscience, persuaded Edward to set aside his sisters from the crown. Of the conduct of Mary, should she succeed to the throne, Edward could not doubt; she had never concealed her religion, or hesitated to express her determination of effecting its restoration, should God give her power. Elizabeth, "his sweet sister Temperance," as Edward was wont to call her, would doubtless have been preferred to the succession, had not the arguments of Northumberland biassed him. True it was, she was of the Protestant faith, but might she not marry a foreign prince, and so bring papistry into the land? The court preachers aided Northumberland. Latimer preached against Elizabeth equally with Mary, and Ridley hesitated not to follow the lead of Latimer. Edward died; the sisters, warned by their respective friends, escaped the wiles of Northumberland. Mary threw herself on her people, received the reward of her confidence, and cast the puppet of the Dudleys from her usurped throne. Elizabeth refused the bribe of Northumberland; and, deeming discretion the better part of valour, and regarding her defenceless position in the neighbourhood of London, and within the power of the Dudleys, she prevented them from either forcing her into opposition to Mary, or imprisoning her in the Tower, by a convenient fit of sickness. In nine days the

Queen of the Dudleys was dethroned, and Elizabeth was free to side with her sister. She now came with two thousand armed men in her train, to assist Mary, when assistance was needless; and failed not, in her public entry with her sister into the metropolis, to show to the populace the disadvantageous contrast of the sickly Queen with the youthful Princess; of the practised condescension of the protestant heroine, with the pride and reserve of the Romish sovereign.

As soon as Mary restored the ancient forms of religion, Elizabeth expressed her determination not to attend the service of the mass, to the great delight of the reformers, and the grave offence of Mary and her council. The Spanish advisers of Mary would have resorted to compulsion. Mary refused, at least until every means of argument had been tried. For two days she was preached to, but without success. The opponents of Mary took courage, regarding the resoluteness of Elizabeth as a sign of her disaffection to the Queen. In this they were disappointed. Elizabeth, as soon as she learnt their hopes, hastened to Mary, and casting herself at her sister's feet, assured her of her affection, charging her resolute adherence to the reformed religion to the nature of her early education, and praying of her sister such controversial works, and such a learned tutor as might enable her to come to a right conclusion on the subject of religion. Mary was appeased; and the more so when Elizabeth attended her to the mass of the nativity of the Virgin, and wrote to Charles V. for the ornaments of a chapel she intended to open in her own house. By these expedients Elizabeth obtained her proper place in the court of her sister, and in the ceremonial of her coronation. It was of no little importance to the Princess to be thus publicly recognised as the heiress presumptive of Mary; and while she was thus placed she stood between the throne and the wiles of the French party, and of the ambition of the house of Suffolk; between the Lady Jane, and the young Queen of the Scots, now put forward by Henry of France as legitimate heir to the crown.

"Henry II. made the most liberal offers of money and advice to Elizabeth, while, in fancy, he exulted in the idea of her disgrace and death, and the recognition of his royal daughter-in-law as the future sovereign of the Britannie isles, from sea to sea, under the matrimonial dominion of his eldest son. The brilliancy of such a prospect rendered the French monarch and his ministers reckless of the restraints of honour, conscience, or humanity, which might tend to impede its realization; and Elizabeth was marked out, first as its puppet, and finally, as the victim of a plot, which might possibly end in the destruction not only of one sister, but of both.

"The protestant party, alarmed at the zeal of Queen Mary for the re-establishment of the old catholic institutions, and detesting the idea of her Spanish marriage, were easily excited to enter into any project for averting the evils they foresaw. A plot was devised for raising the standard of revolt against Queen Mary's government, in the joint names of the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, Earl of Devonsire, to whom they proposed to unite her in marriage. That Courtenay, who had been piqued at Mary's declining to accept him for her husband, entered into a confederacy, which promised him a younger

and more attractive royal bride, with the prospect of a crown for her dowry, there is no doubt; though the romantic tales in which some modern historians have indulged, touching his passion for Elizabeth, are somewhat apocryphal. The assertion that he refused the proffered hand of Mary, on account of his disinterested preference for Elizabeth, is decidedly untrue. It was not until convinced of the hopelessness of his suit to the Queen, that he allowed himself to be implicated in a political engagement to marry Elizabeth, who, if consenting to the scheme, appears to have been only a passive agent, cautiously avoiding any personal participation in the confederacy till she saw how it was likely to end. It is therefore difficult to say how far her heart was touched by the external graces of her handsome but weak-minded kinsman."—*Elizabeth*, pp. 72, 73.

It is difficult to decide how far Elizabeth was implicated in that plot, which Noailles and Wyatt were at this time concocting against the Queen. Among those protestant writers who do not deem the religion of Mary a full and sufficient defence for an act of rebellion against her government, it is strongly denied that Elizabeth even knew of the designs of the conspirators against her sister; whilst, by the ultra-protestants and Romanists her supposed share is as greatly increased, and considered by the former as a work of true religion, by the latter as rebellion, heightened by the relationship of the Queen and the Princess. When we consider how Elizabeth was at this crisis distrusted by Mary, her every action and speech watched by the spies of the ambassador of Philip, and calumniated by him to her sister, how she was being urged on by the crafty French king and his able servant Noailles on the one hand, and by the injudicious flatteries and enthusiasm of the high protestant party on the other, we must be prepared to ascribe to Elizabeth such caution and strength of mind as is seldom to be found in one of her age, before we can believe that she escaped all the snares that sisterly distrust, foreign enmity and craft, and the injudicious enthusiasm of friends were strewing in her path.

The weakness of Courtenay was not proof against the cleverness of Gardiner; the plot was speedily unravelled, and after many ineffectual attempts at delay and reconciliation, Elizabeth was eventually consigned to the Tower.

"Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed; and they lay hovering on the water in extreme danger for a time; and at length their caution was overpowered by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty, and much peril, succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses which at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of that boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the traitors' gate; 'neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe,' she said. One of the lords told her, 'she must not choose;' and as it was then raining, offered her his

cloak. 'She dashed it from her with a good dash,' (says our author;) and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed, 'Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs! Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!' To which the nobles who escorted her, replied, 'If it were so, it were the better for her.' When she came to the gate a number of the wardens and servants belonging to the Tower were drawn up in rank, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and 'prayed God to preserve her grace;' for which they were afterwards reprimanded. Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering the prison so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, 'Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely.' 'Better sit here than in a worse place,' she replied, 'for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 92—94.

In this much-applauded conduct of Elizabeth the unbiassed reader may perhaps discern so great an amount of show and intentional appearance of fear, as to lessen his admiration of the conduct of the Princess. It looks a little as if she spoke and acted for effect, and wished to impress upon her auditors the idea, so harped upon by Foxe, that she had been prejudged by her sister and her council, and summoned from Ashridge solely to commence a life of imprisonment, or perhaps to die on the scaffold. Yet, when we come to consider it, there was enough in her situation that was appalling, nor has a young woman often been more tried. The Queen's council burned for the death of Elizabeth, and the Spanish envoy let no opportunity slip of ensuring her death before the coming of his master Philip. To his advice may be attributed the unnecessary severity of the commissioners. With many of them, his wishes seem to have been consistent with their own. One nobleman refused to be the tormenter as well as gaoler of his sovereign's sister. He was no favourer of rebellion, even in the royal blood, and as firm a friend to Mary as afterwards to Elizabeth, in despite of the coldness with which the latter regarded him. Sussex was disgusted at the unmanly conduct of his associates in the commission. "Let us take heed, my lords," said he, when he found that no argument but that of fear would avail with the creatures of the Spanish king, "Let us take heed, my lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our king's daughter, and is, we know, the princess next in blood; wherefore, let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter." Fear for the consequences, it may be said, was the groundwork of the compassion of Sussex; no such accusation can be brought against the old Earl of Arundel, once the foremost in the death-cry against Elizabeth, the constant instigator of her trial and execution. With Gardiner, and eight of the lords of the council, Arundel sought the chamber of the royal prisoner, and questioned her on her motives for leaving her house at Donnington during the late revolt. "Might not I go, my lords," replied Elizabeth, after some further questions, "to mine own houses at all times?" His religion, his devotion to his party, had led Arundel to regard Elizabeth as the necessary sacrifice for the safety of Mary's throne and his faith. Now that he saw her visited in her lonely cell by the

crafty churchman, the politic noble, the wily adversary, to see if perchance they might entangle her in her talk, and find occasion, from her own words, to take away her life, he could not repress his conviction of her innocence; he felt grieved at the cruel part he had taken against her, and he knelt before her, and witnessed to his conviction of her innocence, and his remorse at the injurious treatment to which she had been subjected. Renaud and Gardiner worked together against Elizabeth; but the sisterly affection of Mary, and her determination to proceed by legal means alone, effectually disconcerted their plans.

"In a letter of the 3d of April, Renaud writes the particulars of two successive interviews which he had had with the Queen and some of the members of her council, on the necessary measures to be adopted for the security of Don Philip's person, before he could venture himself in England. His excellency states 'that he had assured the Queen that it was of the utmost importance that the *trials and executions of the criminals, especially* those of Courtenay and Elizabeth, should be concluded before the arrival of the Prince. The Queen evasively replied, 'that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.' Gardiner then remarked, 'that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil; but if every one went on as soundly as he did in providing remedies, things would go on better.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 100, 101.

Renaud, finding that Elizabeth was not to be done to death but by legal condemnation, seems to have turned his views towards getting her out of England by a marriage with the Prince of Piedmont, under the hope that, when once away from the country, and out of sight of her friends, Philip would have less difficulty in ousting her from the succession, and putting her out of the minds of her people. This plan failed. Still Elizabeth remained a close prisoner, denied the exercise of her religion, the society of a friend, or even that air which was necessary for her health. As soon, however, as Wyatt had retracted, on the scaffold, all that the hope of escape had prompted him to say against Courtenay and the Princess, the imprisonment of Elizabeth was rendered less rigorous, and the royal captive was allowed to breathe the fresh air, under the surveillance of her gaolers, whilst every other imprisoned denizen of the Tower was forbidden to look from his window "whilst the Lady Elizabeth walked." The following anecdote illustrates the strictness of the surveillance to which Elizabeth was subjected:—

"Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children; and her natural affection for them was doubtless greatly increased by the artless traits of generous sympathy and feeling which she experienced in her time of trouble from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her, and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the Emperor Charles V.:—'It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the Lady Elizabeth by a child five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there.' This passage authenticates the pretty incident related in the life of Elizabeth, in Foxe's Appendix, where we are told that, at an hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden of the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers, and to receive at her hands such

things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor that by this child letters were exchanged between Elizabeth and Courtenay; and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth, and confess who sent him to the Lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her Grace, which nevertheless he attempted next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the Princess, who was walking in the garden, 'Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now.'—*Elizabeth*, p. 101.

Such is the incident which a late writer of a so-called historical novels has converted into the disgusting story of Xit, in order doubtless that he might heighten the cruelty of the scene, by the deformity of the tormented dwarf.

Among the many prisoners with which the Tower was at that time crowded, was the courteous Dudley. It may have been that he employed the artless child as the medium of conciliating Elizabeth, and explaining away the part he had taken in attempting to raise the Lady Jane to the throne, as much to the hurt of his future mistress, as of his present sovereign. The short week, after her accession to the throne, which elapsed ere Elizabeth raised Dudley to high and important stations about her person, seems to require some explanation. True it was, he had been a prisoner in her sister's reign, but still as much her enemy as Mary's. His "fair personne" doubtless tended to lessen the term of his probation, but some previous intercourse may well be believed in, between the prisoner Dudley and Elizabeth the Princess. As soon as he was liberated we know he was employed in France, and would have but rare opportunities of intercourse with Elizabeth. Courtenay, too, was both too timid to have originated a secret correspondence, and too weak not to have revealed it to the wily Gardiner, had such a correspondence ever existed.

Irresolute as Mary was as to what should ultimately be done with her sister and Courtenay, it was evident that the cruel counsels of Renaud and Gardiner would never be followed by the Queen. The lawyers, as the ambassador admitted, could find no matter for the condemnation of the Princess. On this Mary was determined to act; and she was now supported by a powerful party in her own council, for Arundel's Earl, Pembroke, Sussex, Petre, and the Admiral, advocated clemency. It was in vain that the chancellor and his prompter, Renaud, endeavoured to bring Elizabeth to the scaffold. Disappointed at the opposition which his schemes met with in the council; deeply sensible that he had gone so far against the heiress to the throne, that were death to take Mary, forgiveness could never be accorded to him by the new sovereign, Gardiner made a bold and a false stroke for success. Mary was confined to her bed with sickness. With his own hand he signed the death-warrant of

Elizabeth, and commanded her immediate execution. But it was not to be so. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, remarked the suspicious absence of the Queen's signature, and refused "to do the Lady Elizabeth to death," until he had communicated with Mary herself. The delay was fatal to the plots of Gardiner, and preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her cruel foes. Mary, angry at the deception that had been attempted, was all the more turned towards her imprisoned sister, and led to regard the advice of friends, foes, and foreign kings, against Elizabeth, with disgust. Nature resumed its full sway over her heart, she provided for the safety of her sister's person, she replaced her portrait next to her own in the gallery, she began once more to call her "sister."

But a short time now elapsed ere Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and sent to Woodstock, under the care of the good old Norfolk knight, Sir Henry Bedingfield. Foxe and his followers have not failed to enlarge on the conduct of Sir Henry towards his prisoner, both on the journey to Woodstock, and during Elizabeth's restraint in that palace. Every querulous complaint of the Princess has been chronicled, and every refusal of "the harsh jailer" to delay on the road, or turn away to some neighbouring house, that Elizabeth might re-arrange her veil or her kerchief, been written down and dilated on. But was there no reason for these precautions, these restraints? No sooner was Elizabeth outside the Tower-gates, than Noailles was at his old plots; sending secret messages to the Princess, and exciting the distrust of those who were bound to defend her sister's throne. On the other side, Gardiner, though for the one time foiled by the firm honesty of Bridges, was still plotting the death of Bedingfield's charge. Sir Henry had, on more than one occasion, reason to suspect the Spanish party; and in despite of the harsh language with which Elizabeth remonstrated with him, stinted not in his watchful care over her. Elizabeth was walking in the palace gardens, when Bedingfield deemed it advisable to close the iron gates; the Princess turned upon the knight, and in passionate language, called him "her jailer." Sir Henry knelt before her; "Call me not by that harsh name," said he to Elizabeth, "I am one of your officers, appointed to serve your grace, and to guard your grace's person from the dangers with which it is beset." It was with some reason that Sir Henry Bedingfield spoke of the dangers with which the Lady Elizabeth was beset.

"Among the incidents of Elizabeth's imprisonment, a mysterious tale is told of an attempt made by one Bassett, a creature of Gardiner, against her life, during the temporary absence of Sir Henry Bedingfield. This Bassett, it seems; had been, with five-and-twenty disguised ruffians, loitering with evil intentions at Bladenbridge, seeking to obtain access to the Lady Elizabeth, on secret and important business, as he pretended; but Sir Henry had given such strict cautions to his brother, whom he left as his deputy castellan in his absence, that no one should approach the royal prisoner, that the project was defeated. Once a dangerous fire broke out in the quarter of the palace where she was confined, which was kindled, apparently not by accident, between the ceiling of the room under her chamber and her chamber floor, by which her life would have been

greatly endangered, had it not been providentially discovered before she retired to rest. The lofty spirit of Elizabeth, though unsubdued, was saddened by the perils and trials to which she was daily exposed, and in the bitterness of her heart she once expressed a wish to change fortunes with a milk-maid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail, while milking the cows in Woodstock Park, for she said, 'that milk-maid's lot was better than hers, and her life merrier.'—*Elizabeth*, pp. 112, 113.

On the shutter at Woodstock Elizabeth wrote the following lines, which Hentzner has preserved; tradition assigns them to a period when even pen and ink was denied her, and she was compelled to record her feelings through the medium of charcoal.

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
But freeing those that death had well deserved;
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have brought;
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

Elizabeth was in a more humble tone of mind when she made the following quaint but pleasing entry in one of the books with which she beguiled her solitude at Woodstock. The blank leaf of a black-letter edition of St. Paul's Epistles is thus inscribed:—

"August—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly some herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that, so having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

It was during her confinement at Woodstock, that Elizabeth was questioned by the order of her sister, regarding her views on the sacrament of the Eucharist; her ingenious reply is too well known to need repeating here. But the present biographer's notions on that mystery must not pass unnoticed. To Miss Strickland, transubstantiation and the real presence seem one and the same thing. Whether equally to be condemned, or equally to be believed, no reader of her work can perceive. "The Queen," says Miss Strickland, "doubting her (Elizabeth's) sincerity, caused her to be questioned as to her belief in *transubstantiation*, on which Elizabeth, being pressed to declare her opinion, as to the *real presence of the Saviour in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, replied in the following extempore lines." It may be that our authoress thinks transubstantiation and the real presence to be the same. It may be, that, like other charming women, who write and talk about things they do not understand, for the sake of avoiding the repetition of the word "transubstantiation," and in order to perfect an euphonious sentence, she has used the two expressions, without a thought of what they really do import. In her eyes, Elizabeth's extempore definition of the eucharist is a "simple scriptural explanation of one of the sublimest

mysteries of the christian faith." Is it any explanation at all? or at the utmost, is it not a statement with respect to but one element of the eucharistic sacrifice?

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread, and brake it;
And what his word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

But the time was rapidly approaching for Elizabeth's deliverance from her solitude. Mary, towards the autumn of the year, deluded herself that there would be a representative of the crowns of Spain and England. An heir was expected to England, and consequently Elizabeth was no longer regarded with the same devotion by her friends, or the same distrust and hatred by her sister, and her more violent enemies. Philip, too, was desirous of courting popularity, and as kindness to the Princess was at one and the same time a safe and a certain way, he had no great difficulty in persuading Mary to summon her sister to share the Christmas festivities at Hampton Palace. Philibert of Savoy, Philip's friend, was that year present at the English court, seeking this occasion of pleading, in person, his love-suit to Elizabeth.

What might not have been the state of this country, had Elizabeth yielded to the suit of the accomplished Savoyard? Her mind was yet flexible, and her character far from formed. Abroad, she would have been separated from her own Church, and had ever presented to her the errors of Rome on the one side, of Geneva on the other; few can doubt to the which the mind of Elizabeth must eventually have turned. In the one case, with a people as yet hankering after the errors of the old religion, and obedient, even to slavery, to their sovereigns, Elizabeth would have perpetuated among us the errors of the Roman Church. In the other case, had she imbibed the principles of Geneva, she could not but have held out the right-hand of fellowship to the Calvinistic reformers of Scotland, and the skull-cap of Geneva would have soon exalted itself over the English Church. Happily she was spared this trial. Persuaded of the danger of leaving England, or rendered indifferent to the graces of Philibert by the superior beauty of the person of Courtenay, Elizabeth could not be brought to sanction the proposed alliance, and Mary yielded to the wishes of her sister and of her parliament, and refused to compel Elizabeth to the marriage.

From the Christmas festivities of Hampton, Elizabeth returned to Woodstock, no longer a prisoner; her own people were in attendance on her, and no particular restraint seems to have been imposed upon her. Early in the spring of the following year (1555), the folly of her own people once more brought Elizabeth into trouble, and caused her conveyance to Hampton as a state prisoner. Had she but borne in mind the advice of her favourite Horace to Leuconoe—

"Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros,"

Elizabeth would never have become the dupe of the necromancer Dee, or permitted his pretended skill in divination to acquire that influence over her mind which he retained as long as she lived. The secret consultations which the Princess held with the "cuning clerke of Oxenforde," brought her into trouble in April, 1555.

"A curious letter of news from Thomas Marten, of London, to Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, then travelling in Italy, was lately discovered at the State Paper Office, which was doubtless intercepted; and, considering to whom it was written, and the facts in which Elizabeth's name is implicated, it must be regarded as a document of no common interest. 'In England,' says he, 'all is quiet; such as wrote traitorous letters into Germany be apprehended, as likewise others, that did calculate the king's, the queen's, and my Lady Elizabeth's nativity, whereof one Dee, and Cary, and Butler, and one other of my Lady Elizabeth's, are accused, that they all have a familiar spirit, which is the more suspected, for that Ferys, one of the accusers, had, immediately on the accusation, both of his children stricken—the one with death, the other with blindness.'"—*Elizabeth*, pp. 120, 121.

From this temporary restraint, to which the share borne by her maternal relatives, Cary and Butler, in these divinations, seems to have subjected Elizabeth, the Princess was released by the intercession of Philip. According to Elizabeth's own declarations in after years, it was love which actuated Philip in his conduct towards Elizabeth. It may have been that the good looks of the younger sister were advantageously contrasted with the sickly features of his Queen. But it must be remembered that the greatest failing of Elizabeth was that unbounded admiration of herself which made her deem every one to be her devoted lover. Philip must at this time have been aware that Mary could never, in all human probability, have an heir to the crown. There remained, then, but Elizabeth between the crown and Mary of Scotland, the daughter-in-law of his constant opponent, the king of France. Everything was to be sacrificed to prevent so great a preponderance of power as the annexation of the crowns of England and Scotland to that of France. Philip, therefore, both during the latter part of his stay in this country, and when returned to Spain, manifested great interest in Elizabeth; and it is but fair to suppose that he was now deceived by Elizabeth's conduct, and regarded her constant attendance at mass with her sister, and her frequent austerities, as a sign of a real change in her religious opinions. In after years it suited Elizabeth's policy to forget her temporary adherence to the forms of Romanism, whilst her personal vanity induced her to ascribe to personal interest, that which, most probably, was solely political foresight in her brother-in-law.

The spring and summer of the ensuing year once more subjected Elizabeth to trouble. Injudicious friends made her name the rallying point of insurrection; two of her chief officers were concerned in the attempt of Sir Henry Dudley against the throne and life of Mary. Lingard would have us believe that had not Philip commanded Mary to overlook the imputed share of her sister in the plot of Peckham and Warne, she would have taken this occasion to secure her throne by her sister's death. It was the policy of the Spanish court,

after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, to accuse her of ingratitude towards Philip, and to represent him as the constant and effective intercessor for her with his wife. In this case it is a mere question of evidence. In favour of Philip and his boasted intercession for Elizabeth, Dr. Lingard cites the MS. life of Jane Dormer, duchess of Feria, a memoir of great value, and constantly referred to in our former article on Queen Mary. For every act in which Jane Dormer was herself present, and which tells against her royal mistress, there is sufficient reason to credit her testimony. But when did she first assert that, to Philip, Elizabeth owed her life on this occasion? At the time when she was resident in Spain, the subject of Philip, and was deeply engaged in the Ridolphi plot, on behalf of Mary of Scotland, and when Elizabeth was officially denying the accusation of ingratitude. This looks suspicious, to say the least.

But, again, Miss Strickland quotes from the Lansdown manuscripts a letter from Elizabeth to Mary, in which the Princess thanks her sister for her kindness in being the first to communicate to her the silly insurrection headed by the fictitious Earl of Devonshire, and in which Elizabeth was actually proclaimed queen. Any one who reads Elizabeth's letter, cannot but feel that there is great inconsistency in believing that Mary pardoned her sister in the matter of Sir Henry Dudley's plot by compulsion, and sent her the ring as a token of amity, against her own inclination, if, only a few weeks after, she wrote the letter to her sister concerning Cleobery's insurrection, to which the answer has been gleaned from the Lansdown manuscripts.

Philip had greatly at heart the union of Elizabeth with his fellow-soldier, Philibert of Savoy. As soon as Courtenay was dead, the council, at the instigation of the king, renewed the question, and Mary summoned Elizabeth to London, in hopes of bending her mind to the wishes of Philip and her counsellors. The Princess was inflexible in her refusal of the Prince of Savoy, protesting her devotion to celibacy as her reason. The annoyance to which she was subjected on this account seems to have tempted Elizabeth to harbour the impolitic thought of taking refuge at the court of France.

"Such was the disgust," says Miss Strickland, "that Elizabeth had conceived during her late visit to court, or the apprehensions that had been excited by the intimidation used by the Spanish party, that she appears to have contemplated the very impolitic step of secretly withdrawing from the realm, that was so soon to become her own, and taking refuge in France. Henry II. had never ceased urging her, by his wily agent Noailles, to accept an asylum in his court, doubtless with the intention of securing the only person who, in the event of Queen Mary's death, would stand between his daughter-in-law and the crown of England. Noailles had, however, interfered in so unseemly a manner in the intrigues and plots that agitated England, that he had been recalled, and superseded in his office by his brother, the Bishop of Arques, a man of better principles, and who scrupled to become a party to the iniquitous scheme of deluding a young and inexperienced princess to her own ruin. With equal kindness and sincerity, this worthy ecclesiastic told the Countess of Sussex, when she came to him secretly in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the Lady Elizabeth to France, 'that it was an unwise project; and that he would advise the princess to take example by the conduct of her sister, who, if she

had listened to the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to take refuge with the emperor, would have remained in exile.' The Countess returned again to him on the same errand, and he then plainly told her, 'that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm.' A few years after, he declared, 'that Elizabeth was indebted to him for the crown.'—*Elizabeth*, pp. 130, 131.

It was but a temporary cloud, that soon passed away ; and in a few weeks the Princess returned from Hatfield to London, and bore her part in the gaieties which Philip's temporary return to England restored to the lugubrious court of Mary.

Before November, 1558, it was evident that Mary was smitten with a fatal malady ; and Philip, embroiled in a war with France, and fearful lest Mary of Scotland should succeed to his wife's throne, solicited Mary to nominate Elizabeth as her successor. Mary had already done so, and exacted and obtained from her sister a confession of the Roman Catholic faith. According to Jane Dormer and Strype, Elizabeth "prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her alive, if she were not a true Roman Catholic," acknowledged the real presence in the Eucharist—which, in Miss Strickland's eyes, is pure Romanism—and confessed that "she did now and then pray to the Virgin Mary." Those most wonderful documents, the Zurich Letters of the Parker Society, give a true protestant version of the conversation between Elizabeth and the messengers of Mary. The wonderful story is conveyed in a letter from Sandys to Bullinger.

"Mary, not long before her death, sent two members of her council to her sister Elizabeth, and commanded them to let her know, that it was her intention to bequeath to her the royal crown, together with the dignity that she was then in possession of by right of inheritance. In return, however, for this great favour conferred upon her, she required of her three things: first, that she would not change her privy council; secondly, that she would make no alteration in religion; and, thirdly, that she would discharge her debts and satisfy her creditors. Elizabeth replied in these terms: 'I am sorry to hear of the queen's illness; but there is no reason why I should thank her for her intention of giving me the crown of this realm, for she has neither the power of bestowing it upon me, nor can I lawfully be deprived of it, since it is my peculiar and hereditary right. With respect to the council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my councillors as she was to choose hers. As to religion, thus much I promise, that I will not change it, provided only, that it can be proved by the word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion. Lastly, in requiring the payment of her debts, she seems to me to require nothing more than what is just, and I will take care that they shall be paid, as far as may be in my power.'—*Elizabeth*, pp. 139, 140.

This is all very pretty, but is it probable? First, it comes by hearsay. Dr. Sandys was out of England; who his correspondent was he does not inform us. Is the lofty tone like the usual dissimulation of Elizabeth's previous replies to Mary on the subject of religion? How does the declamation about the word of God being the only foundation and rule of her religion agree with the humble supplication of Elizabeth, in earlier years, for some learned doctor to instruct her in the Roman faith? Was not Elizabeth at this time at least outwardly a Romanist? Attending the service of the mass,

did she not continue to observe Romanist practices for a full month after her accession, ay, until she saw that the protestant party was the most powerful, and then God's word was to be the only foundation of her religion? If Sandys be true, we must believe that Elizabeth was for once, bold—for once, honest, when boldness and honesty were sure to meet with immediate punishment from the zealous Romanists who surrounded the death-bed of her sister, and swayed the power of the crown.

Mary's life was drawing to a close. A few days before her death, she sent Jane Dormer to Elizabeth with the crown jewels. With these symbols of coming greatness, the worshippers of the rising sun deserted the palace of the dying Queen, and sought the groves of Bishop's Hatfield. Already were the new courtiers contending for future favours, before the source of honour was dried up at the old fountain head. At length Mary died. Some hours before the report of her decease had reached Hatfield, Throckmorton had ridden to London, by Elizabeth's orders, to fetch the black enamelled ring, which the Queen wore day and night, as a token of her sister's death. The following account Miss Strickland has extracted from the Metrical Chronicle of the Life of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton:—

- “ Then I, who was misliked of the time,
Obscurely sought to live scant seen at all,
So far was I from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well to 'scape a fall;
Elizabeth I visited by stealth,
As one who wished her quietness with health.
- “ Repairing oft to Hatfield, where she lay,
My duty not to slack that I did owe,
The queen fell very sick, as we heard say,
The truth whereof her sister sought to knowe;
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find.
- “ She said, (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
Who still do dread some baits of subtlety,)
“ Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty,
The which the king of Spain in spousals gave,—
If ought fall out amiss, 'tis that I crave.
- “ But, hark, ope not your lips to any one
In hope as to obtain of courtesy,
Unless you know my sister first be gone;
For grudging minds will soon coyne treachery;
So shall thyself be safe and us be sure;
Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.
- “ Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
That all will forward be to pleasure thee,
And none at all shall seek thy suit to let,
But go and come, and look here to find me.
Thence to the court I galloped in post,
Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

"The ring received, my brethren, which lay
 In London town with me, to Hatfield went,
 And as we rode, there met us by the way
 An old acquaintance hoping advancement,
 A sugared bait, that brought us to our bane,
 But chiefly me, that wherewithal was ta'en.

"When to the court I and my brother came,
 My news was stale, but yet she knew them true;
 But see how crossly things began to frame,
 The cardinal died, whose death my friends may rue,
 For then Lord Gray and I were sent, in hope
 To find some writings to or from the pope."

Before Sir Nicholas could return, the council had come to Hatfield, and tendered their homage to the new Queen. Well prepared as Elizabeth was for the announcement, she failed not to express astonishment, and to regard the occurrence as a special providence of God in her behalf. "Eight-and-twenty years afterwards," says Miss Strickland, "in a conversation with the envoys of France, Chasteauneuf and Believre, she spoke of the tears which she had shed on the death of her sister Mary, but she is the only person by whom they are recorded."

A System of Logic; Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker. 1843.

THIS is by no means a mere elementary work; but requires some previous acquaintance with the ordinary treatises on Logic and on Mental Philosophy; among which Mr. Mill recommends the Logic of the Archbishop of Dublin, and Brown's Lectures, or his treatise on Cause and Effect. Although distributed into six Books, it consists, strictly, of three parts: the first of which relates to Logic, as commonly understood; the second to the Logic of Induction; and the third to the Logic of the Moral Sciences. Laying no special claim to originality, this treatise professes to be simply an attempt to embody and systematize the best ideas, which have been either promulgated on the subject of our intellectual operations by the most approved speculative writers, or have been conformed to by accurate thinkers in their scientific inquiries.

In a short introductory chapter, Mr. Mill discusses the definition and province of Logic. Since to define a thing is to select from among the whole of its properties those which are ultimate and exclusive, or, at least, discriminating, it is clear that a definition of anything so complex as a *science*, must be the end rather than the outset of

our inquiries; and we must therefore be content, at the commencement of our study, with a merely approximate provisional definition, to be hereafter enlarged or contracted as the progress of the science towards perfection may require. Now Logic, in general terms, is usually regarded as the Art of Reasoning. Archbishop Whately defines logic to be the science, as well as the art of reasoning; embracing the analysis of the mental process which takes place whenever we reason; as well as the rules, grounded upon that analysis, which must be observed by those who would reason correctly. But again; the word Reasoning is ambiguous, and must be defined. By technical logicians, it is understood to mean syllogizing. In a more general sense, to reason is to infer any proposition from propositions already admitted; and it is in this sense that the word Reasoning is taken by Mr. Mill throughout the present treatise. But such a definition of logic would be too narrow. Both by the scholastic logicians, by the Port-Royalists, (who employed the term as equivalent to the Art of Thinking,) and in current acceptation among educated men, Logic is considered to include several operations of the intellect, besides those directly belonging to the theory of reasoning or argumentation.

"These various operations might be brought within the compass of the science, and the additional advantage be obtained of a very simple definition, if, by an extension of the term, sanctioned by high authorities, we were to define Logic as the science which treats of the operation of the human understanding in the pursuit of truth. For to this ultimate end, Naming, Classification, Definition, and all the other operations over which Logic has ever claimed jurisdiction, are essentially subsidiary. They may all be regarded as contrivances for enabling a person to know the truths which are needful to him, and to know them at the precise moment at which they are needful. Other purposes, indeed, are also served by these operations; for instance, that of imparting our knowledge to others. But viewed with regard to this purpose, they have never been considered as within the province of the logician. The sole object of Logic is the guidance of one's own thoughts: the communication of those thoughts to others falls under the consideration of Rhetoric, in the large sense in which that art was conceived by the ancients, or of the still more extensive art of Education. Logic takes cognizance of all intellectual operations, only as they conduce to our own knowledge, and to our command over that knowledge for our own uses. If there were but one rational being in the universe, that being might be a perfect logician; and the science and art of logic would be the same for that one person, as for the whole human race."—Vol. i. p. 6.

But if the former definition was too narrow, the present is too wide.

"Truths are known to us in two ways: some are known directly, and of themselves; some through the medium of other truths. The former are the subject of Intuition or Consciousness; the latter of Inference. The truths known by Intuition are the original premisses, from which all others are inferred. Our assent to the conclusion being grounded upon the truth of the premisses, we never could arrive at any knowledge by reasoning, unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning."—Vol. i. p. 6.

Hence one of the most important inquiries in the science of the human understanding is: What truths are intuitively known; and

what are those which we merely infer? But this inquiry, however important, does not fall within the province of logic; and we must content ourselves with observing, that many truths which are supposed to be known intuitively, are acquired by reasoning only. They are the results of inference, and nothing more. This is a caution by no means to be neglected; since we are all of us but too prone, through ignorance, impatience, and pride, to lay down as ultimate data fenced round from investigation, propositions which rest upon a basis of argumentation only, and which, in many cases, if closely examined, would prove to be untenable.

"The province of logic must be restricted to that portion of our knowledge which consists of inferences from truths previously known; whether those antecedent data be general propositions, or particular observations and perceptions. Logic is not the science of Belief, but the science of Proof, or Evidence."—Vol. i. p. 10.

To draw inferences has been said to be the great business of life. While each pursuit or science furnishes its own peculiar data, Logic furnishes the rules for constructing and testing conclusions from those data.

"It is in this sense that logic is, what Bacon so expressively calls it, *ars artium*; the science of science itself. All science consists of data and conclusions from those data, of proofs, and what they prove: now logic points out what relations must subsist between data and whatever can be concluded from them, between proof and everything which it can prove. If there be any such indispensable relations, and if these can be precisely determined, every particular branch of science, as well as every individual in the guidance of his conduct, is bound to conform to those relations, under the penalty of making false inferences, of drawing conclusions which are not grounded in the realities of things. Whatever has at any time been concluded justly, whatever knowledge has been acquired otherwise than by immediate intuition, depended on the observance of the laws which it is the province of logic to investigate. If the conclusions are just, and the knowledge sound, those laws have actually been observed."—Vol. i. p. 12.

It is not unusual for superficial thinkers, and popular writers, to question the utility of a science, on the ground that the operations, of which that science is an analysis, have been correctly performed by unscientific men. Thus we all naturally perform many mechanical actions, although ignorant of mechanics as a science. But even without insisting upon the dignity and value of science, simply for its own sake, the history of all scientific arts shows that they can pass from their ruder and feebler states only under the guidance of philosophy. In like manner, logic as an art, derives all its strength, and growth, and certainty, from logic as a science.

"Logic, then, is the science of the operations of the understanding, which are subservient to the estimation of evidence: both the process itself of proceeding from known truths to unknown, and all intellectual operations auxiliary to this. It includes, therefore, the operation of Naming; for language is an instrument of thought, as well as a means of communicating our thoughts. It includes, also, Definition and Classification. . . .

"Our object, therefore, will be to attempt a correct analysis of the intellectual process called Reasoning or Inference; and of such other mental

operations as are intended to facilitate this : as well as, on the foundation of this analysis, and *pari passu* with it, to bring together or frame a set of rules or canons, for testing the sufficiency of any given evidence to prove any given proposition."—Vol. i. p. 14.

And, further on, Mr. Mill defines the nature and province of Logic, in the following terms :—

"The object of logic is to ascertain how we come by that portion of our knowledge (much the greatest portion) which is not intuitive ; and by what criteria we can, in matters not self-evident, distinguish between things proved and things not proved, between what is worthy and what is unworthy of belief. Of the various questions which the universe presents to our inquiring faculties, some are soluble by direct consciousness, others only by means of evidence. Logic is concerned with these last. The solution, by means of evidence, of questions respecting the universe and the things contained it, is the purpose of logic."—Vol. i. p. 20.

Now the answer to every such question is contained in a *proposition* ; a proposition being, according to the common definition, "discourse in which something is affirmed or denied of something." One object is not sufficient for an act of belief. The simplest act of belief has to do with two objects ; two names ; or, more correctly, two *nameable things*. Hence the import of Names is one of the first subjects of consideration in logic, as an essential preliminary to an investigation of the import of propositions. "A Name," says Hobbes, "is a word taken at pleasure to serve for a mark, which may raise in our mind a thought like to some thought we had before, and which, being pronounced to others, may be to them a sign of what thought the speaker had before in his mind."*

Names may be either general or singular ; concrete or abstract ; connotative or non-connotative ; positive or negative ; relative or absolute ; univocal or æquivocal. On most of these distinctions we need not dwell, as they are sufficiently considered in the ordinary treatises. The distinction between general and individual, or singular names, is fundamental ; since it is by means of general names,—that is, of names capable of being truly affirmed, in the same sense, of *each* of an indefinite number of things,—that we are enabled to assert general propositions. On the second general division of names, Mr. Mill, after defining a concrete name to be a name which stands for a *thing*, and an abstract name to be that standing for an *attribute of a thing*, observes :—

"I have used the words 'concrete' and 'abstract' in the sense annexed to them by the schoolmen ; who, notwithstanding the imperfections of their philosophy, were unrivalled in the construction of technical language ; and whose definitions, in logic at least, though they never went more than a little way into the subject, have seldom, I think, been altered but to be spoiled. A practice, however, has grown up in more modern times,—which, if not introduced by Locke, has gained currency chiefly from his example,—of applying the expression, 'abstract name,' to all names which are the results of abstraction or generalization, and consequently to all general names ; instead of confining it to attributes. The metaphysicians of the Condillac school,—whose admiration of Locke, passing over the pro-

* Computation or Logic, chap. ii.

foundest speculations of that truly original genius, usually fastens with peculiar eagerness upon his weakest points,—have gone on imitating him in this abuse of language, until there is now some difficulty in restoring the word to its original signification. A more wanton alteration in the meaning of a word is rarely to be met with; for the expression 'general name,' the exact equivalent of which exists in all languages that I am acquainted with, was already available for the purpose to which 'abstract' has been misappropriated, while the misappropriation leaves that important class of words, the names of attributes, without any compact distinctive appellation. The old acceptation, however, has not gone so completely out of use, as to deprive those who still adhere to it of all chance of being understood. By 'abstract,' then, I shall always mean the opposite of 'concrete;' by an abstract name, the name of an attribute; by a concrete name, the name of an object."—Vol. i. p. 35.

The third great division of names is into "connotative" and "non-connotative;" an important distinction, and one of those, says Mr. Mill, which go deepest into the nature of language. As we shall have frequent occasion to use these terms, we subjoin Mr. Mill's definition of them.

"A 'non-connotative' term is one which signifies a subject only, or an attribute only. A 'connotative' term is one which denotes a subject and implies an attribute. By a subject is here meant anything which possesses attributes. Thus 'John,' 'London,' 'England,' are names which signify a subject only. 'Whiteness,' 'length,' 'virtue,' signify an attribute only. None of these names, therefore, are connotative. But 'white,' 'long,' 'virtuous,' are connotative. The word 'white' denotes all white things, as snow, paper, the foam of the sea, &c., and implies, or, as it was termed by the schoolmen, *connotes** the attribute 'whiteness.' The word 'white' is not predicated of the attribute, but of the subjects, snow, &c.; but when we predicate it of them, we imply or connote that the attribute 'whiteness' belongs to them. . . .

"Whenever the names given to objects convey any information, that is, whenever they have properly any meaning, the meaning resides not in what they *denote*, but in what they *connote*. The only names of objects which connote nothing, are proper names; and these have, strictly speaking, no signification. . . .

"When we predicate of anything its proper name; when we say, pointing to a man, this is Brown or Smith; or, pointing to a city, that is York; we do not, merely by so doing, convey to the hearer any information about them, except that those are their names. . . . It is otherwise when objects are spoken of by connotative names. When we say, 'the town is built of marble,' we give the hearer what may be entirely new information, and this merely by the signification of the many-worded connotative name, 'built of marble.' Such names are not signs of the mere objects, invented because we have occasion to think and speak of those objects individually; but signs which accompany an attribute; a kind of livery in which the attribute clothes all objects which are recognised as possessing it. They are not mere marks, but more; that is to say, significant marks; and the connotation is what constitutes their significance."—Vol. i. pp. 37—44.

There is considerable uncertainty in the connotation of names; an uncertainty which seriously affects the value of language as an instrument of philosophical speculation, and renders it, indeed, even

* "*Notare*, to mark; *connotare*, to mark *along with*; to mark one thing *with* or *in addition to* another."

less useful for the ruder purposes of ordinary social intercourse than it would otherwise be. The custom of using connotative terms without a distinctly ascertained connotation, is one chief source of lax habits of thought. Our first knowledge of our mother-tongue is acquired by a loose observation of the objects which words are used to denote; and as few persons possess analytical habits of mind, the majority of men continue through life to use words in an *unreal* way; they attach to names no precise meaning; that is, in Mr. Mill's philosophical phraseology, they use names without any recognised connotation. They talk vaguely and at random. They see as though they saw not; they hear as though they heard not; they utter words without meaning. And one great business of Education, as a practical process, is to train men to use words *livingly*; with a knowledge of their meaning; as coins, and not as counters; as realities by which we shall be judged at the Last Day. To give a definite and fixed connotation to general concrete names, which will also obtain general acceptance by not departing too widely from the looser meaning already current among thinking men, is one of the most difficult problems in mental moral philosophy.

"This desirable purpose, of giving a fixed connotation where it is wanting, is the end aimed at, whenever any one attempts to give a definition of a general name already in use; every definition of a connotative name being an attempt either merely to declare, or to declare and analyze, the connotation of the name. And the fact, that no questions which have arisen in the moral sciences have been subjects of keener controversy than the definitions of almost all the leading expressions, is a proof how great an extent the evil, to which we have adverted, has attained."—Vol. i. p. 50.

As the word "connote" has been used in a sense very different from that for which Mr. Mill here pleads, it is necessary to dwell a little longer upon this part of the subject.

"Before quitting the subject of connotative names," says the writer of the work before us, "it is proper to observe, that the only recent writer who, to my knowledge, has adopted from the schoolmen the word 'to connote,' Mr. Mill, in his *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, employs it in a signification different from that in which it is here used. He uses the word in a sense coextensive with its etymology; applying it to every case in which a name, while pointing directly to one thing, (which is, consequently, termed its signification,) includes also a tacit reference to some other thing. In the case of concrete general names, his language and mine are the converse of one another. Considering (very justly) the signification of the name to lie in the attribute, he speaks of the word as 'noting' the attribute, and 'connoting' the things possessing the attribute. And he describes abstract names as being properly concrete names with their *connotation* dropped: whereas, in my view, it is the *denotation* which would be said to be dropped; what was previously connoted becoming the whole signification.

"In adopting a phraseology at variance with that which so high an authority, and one which I am less likely than any other person to undervalue, has deliberately sanctioned, I have been influenced by the urgent necessity for a term exclusively appropriated to express the manner in which a concrete general name serves to mark the attributes which are involved in its signification. This necessity can scarcely be felt in its full force by any one who has not found by experience, how vain is the attempt

to communicate clear ideas on the philosophy of language without such a word. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that some of the most prevalent of the errors with which logic has been infected, and a large part of the cloudiness and confusion of ideas which have enveloped it, would, in all probability, have been avoided, if a term had been in common use to express exactly what I have signified by the term 'to connote.' And the schoolmen, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of our logical language, gave us this also, and in this very sense."—Vol. i. p. 51.

From the consideration of Names, Mr. Mill passes to a consideration of the Things denoted by names: and after glancing at the imperfections of the Categories or Predicaments of the great founder of logic, proposes and discusses a classification of nameable things, which he thus sums up.

"Our survey of the varieties of Things which have been, or which are capable of being, named—which have been, or which are capable of being, either predicated of other Things, or made themselves the subject of predications, is now complete.

"Our enumeration commenced with Feelings. These we scrupulously distinguished from the objects which excite them, and from the organs by which they are, or may be supposed to be, conveyed. Feelings are of four sorts: Sensations, Thoughts, Emotions, and Volitions. What are called perceptions are merely a particular case of Belief, and belief is a kind of Thought. Actions are merely volitions followed by an effect. If there be any other kind of mental state not included under these subdivisions, we did not think it necessary or proper in this place to discuss its existence, or the rank which ought to be assigned to it.

"After Feelings we proceeded to Substances. These are either Bodies or Minds. Without entering into the grounds of the metaphysical doubts which have been raised concerning the existence of Matter and Mind as objective realities, we stated, as sufficient for us, the conclusion in which the best thinkers are now very generally agreed; that all we can *know* of Matter is the sensations which it gives us, and the order of occurrence of those sensations; and that while the substance Body is the unknown cause of our sensations, the substance Mind is the unknown percipient.

"The only remaining class of Nameable Things is Attributes; and these are of three kinds—Quality, Relation, and Quantity. Qualities, like substances, are known to us no otherwise than by the sensations or other states of consciousness which they excite; and while, in compliance with common usage, we have continued to speak of them as a distinct class of Things, we showed that in predicating them no one means to predicate anything but those sensations or states of consciousness, on which they may be said to be grounded, and by which alone they can be defined. Relations, except the simple cases of likeness and unlikeness, succession and simultaneity, are similarly grounded upon some fact, or phenomenon; that is, upon some series of sensations or states of consciousness, more or less complicated. The third species of attribute, Quantity, is also manifestly grounded upon something in our sensations or states of feeling, since there is an indubitable difference in the sensations excited by a larger or a smaller bulk, or by a greater or a less degree of intensity, in any object of sense or of consciousness. All attributes, therefore, are to us nothing but either our sensations and other states of feeling, or something inextricably involved therein; and to this even the peculiar and simple relations just adverted to are not exceptions. Those peculiar relations, however, are so important, and, even if they might in strictness be classed among our states of consciousness, are so fundamentally distinct from any other of those states, that it would be a vain subtlety to confound them under that common head, and it is necessary that they should be classed apart.

"As the result, therefore, of our analysis, we obtain the following as an enumeration and classification of all Nameable Things :—

"1. Feelings, or States of Consciousness.

"2. The Minds which experience those feelings.

"3. The Bodies, or external objects, which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them ; these last being included rather in compliance with common opinion, and because their existence is taken for granted in the common language from which I cannot prudently deviate, than because the recognition of such powers or properties as real existences appears to me to be warranted by a sound philosophy.

"4. The Successions and Co-existences, the Likenesses and Unlikenesses between feelings or states of consciousness. Those relations, when considered as subsisting between other things, exist in reality only between the states of consciousness, which those things, if bodies, excite ; if minds, either excite or experience.

"This, until a better can be suggested, must serve us as a substitute for the abortive Classification of Existences, termed the Categories of Aristotle."—Vol. i. pp. 99—102.

Mr. Mill has an interesting section on the nature and office of the *copula* ; to confused notions of which he attributes much of the mysticism which has overspread logic, and perverted its speculations into logomachies. The *copula* has sometimes been thought to signify *existence* as well as to be a sign of predication : whereas Mr. Mill contends that it is a sign of predication and nothing more. The truth is that the word "to be" has a double meaning. It not only performs the function of the *copula* in affirmations, but has also a meaning of its own, in virtue of which it may itself be made the predicate of a proposition : and the error in question has arisen out of the attempt to find a *single* meaning for the word "to be," in all cases.

"The fog which arose from this narrow spot diffused itself at an early period over the whole surface of metaphysics. Yet it becomes us not to triumph over the gigantic intellects of Plato and Aristotle, because we are now able to preserve ourselves from many errors into which they, perhaps inevitably, fell. . . . The Greeks seldom knew any language but their own. . . . One of the advantages of having systematically studied a plurality of languages, especially of those languages which philosophers have used as the vehicle of their thoughts, is the practical lesson we learn respecting the ambiguities of words, by finding that the same word in one language corresponds, on different occasions, to different words in another."—Vol. i. p. 105.

The import of propositions is an important subject of inquiry, and may now engage our attention. According to the conceptualists, a proposition is the expression of a relation between two *ideas* : according to the nominalists, it is the expression of an agreement, or disagreement, between the meaning of two *names*. Conformably to the former of these two doctrines, almost all the writers on logic during the last two hundred years, whether English, German, or French, have made their theory of propositions, from beginning to end, a theory of judgments. On this doctrine, Mr. Mill observes :—

"The notion that what is of primary importance to the logician in a proposition, is the relation between the two *ideas* corresponding to the subject

and predicate (instead of the relation between the two *phenomena* which they respectively express), seems to me to be one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy of logic; and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the last two centuries. The treatises on logic, and on the branches of mental philosophy connected with logic, which have been produced since the intrusion of this cardinal error, though sometimes written by men of extraordinary abilities and attainments, almost always tacitly imply a theory that the investigation of truth consists in contemplating and handling our ideas, or conceptions of things, instead of the things themselves: a process by which, I will venture to affirm, not a single truth ever was arrived at, except truths of psychology, a science of which Ideas or Conceptions are avowedly (along with other mental phenomena) the subject-matter. Meanwhile, inquiries into every kind of natural phenomena were incessantly establishing great and fruitful truths on the most important subjects; but by processes upon which these views of the nature of Judgment and Reasoning threw no light, and in which they afforded no assistance whatever. No wonder that those who knew by practical experience how truths are come at, should deem a science futile, which consisted chiefly of such speculations. What has been done for the advancement of logic since these doctrines came into vogue, has been done not by professed logicians, but by discoverers in the other sciences; in whose methods of investigation many great principles of logic, not previously thought of, have successively come forth into light; but who have generally committed the error of supposing that nothing whatever was known of the art of philosophizing by the old logicians, because their modern interpreters have written to so little purpose respecting it."—Vol. i. pp. 118—120.

At the head of modern nominalists stands Hobbes: and his answers to the question—"What is the immediate object of belief in a proposition? what is that to which, when I assent to a proposition, I give my assent?"—is this: "In every proposition what is signified is, the belief of the speaker that the predicate is a name of the same thing of which the subject is a name; and if it is really so, the proposition is true." That this is *one* property of all true propositions; that this analysis is the only one that is rigorously true of *all* propositions, is indisputable; but it does not hence follow that a proposition means nothing more.

"Though the mere collocation which makes the proposition a proposition, conveys no more meaning than Hobbes contends for, that same collocation combined with other circumstances, that form combined with other matter, does convey more, and much more.

"The only propositions of which Hobbes' principle is a sufficient account, are that limited and unimportant class in which both the predicate and the subject are *proper names*. . . . Hobbes' doctrine exhausts the meaning of such propositions as—'Hyde was Clarendon:' 'Tully is Cicero:'—but it is a sadly inadequate theory of any others. That it should ever have been thought of as such, can be accounted for only by the fact, that Hobbes, in common with the other nominalists, bestowed little or no attention upon the *connotation* of words; and sought for their meaning exclusively in what they *denote*."—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Mr. Mill further objects to the common theory of predication—according to which, predication consists in referring something to a *class*—that it differs from the theory of Hobbes in language only: "for a *class*," he says, "is absolutely nothing but an indefinite

number of individuals denoted by a general name." This theory is the basis of the celebrated *Dictum de omni et nullo*.

"When the syllogism is resolved, by all who treat of it, into an inference that what is true of a class, is true of all things whatever that belong to the class; and when this is laid down by almost all professed logicians as the ultimate principle to which all reasoning owes its validity; it is clear that, in the general estimation of logicians, the propositions of which reasonings are composed, can be the expression of nothing but the process of dividing things into classes, and referring everything to its proper class."—Vol. i. p. 125.

This theory, says Mr. Mill, is a signal example of the logical error of *ὑστέρων πρότερον*.

"When I say that snow is white, I may and ought to be thinking of snow as a class, because I am asserting a proposition as true of all snow; but I am certainly not thinking of white objects as a class; I am thinking of no white object whatever except snow. . . . When, indeed, I have judged, or assented to the propositions, that snow is white, and that several other things are white, I gradually begin to think of white objects as a class, including snow and those other things. But this is a conception which followed, not preceded, those judgments, and therefore cannot be given as an explanation of them. Instead of explaining the effect by the cause, this doctrine explains the cause by the effect, and is, I conceive, founded upon a latent misconception of the nature of classification."—Vol. i. p. 126.

It is often supposed that classification is an arrangement and grouping of definite and known individuals: but so far is this from being the case, that we may frame a class without knowing the individuals, and even without believing that any such individuals exist. The *meaning* of a general name is independent of the things of which it is the name.

"The only mode in which any general name has a definite meaning, is by being a name of an indefinite variety of things, namely, of all things, known or unknown, past, present, or future, which *possess certain definite attributes*. When by studying, not the meaning of words, but the phenomena of nature, we discover that these attributes are possessed by some object not previously known to possess them, (as when chemists found that the diamond was combustible,) we include this new object in the class; but it did not already belong to the class. We place the individual in the class because the proposition is true; the proposition is not true because the object is placed in the class."—Vol. i. p. 128.

Mr. Mill resolves all propositions, with the exception of those which are merely verbal, into five classes. Every proposition asserts or denies one of five different kinds of matters of fact; namely, Existence, Coexistence, Sequence, Causation, Resemblance.

Verbal propositions occupy a conspicuous place in philosophy. They include not merely those comparatively unimportant propositions, of which both subject and predicate are proper names, but also those which have been called *essential* propositions; and which were supposed to go deeper into the nature of the thing, and to convey more information respecting it, than any other proposition could do. By the *essence* of a thing was understood that without which the thing could neither be, nor be conceived to be. Thus,

rationality was of the essence of man, because without rationality, man could not be conceived to exist. To this doctrine, Mr. Mill replies, that while it is true that *man* cannot be conceived without rationality, nothing more is meant by this proposition, than that rationality is involved in the meaning of the word "*man*;" it is one of the attributes connoted by the name. We can easily conceive the existence of a being possessing all the other attributes connoted by the word *man*, with the exception of the attribute of rationality; but the conventions of language would forbid us to call such a being *man*; that name being already appropriated to a being possessing the further attribute of rationality.

"The scholastic doctrine of essences," Mr. Mill observes, "long survived the theory on which it rested, that of the existence of real entities corresponding to general terms; and it was reserved for Locke, at the end of the seventeenth century, to convince philosophers that the supposed essences of classes were merely the signification of their names."—Vol. i. p. 150.

Yet the iconoclast himself was a secret worshipper of images: the deliverer's own hand could not quite shake off the manacle; a broken fetter impeded his march.

"A fundamental error is seldom expelled from philosophy by a single victory. It retreats slowly, defends every inch of ground, and often retains a footing in some remote fastness after it has been driven from the open country. The essences of individuals were an unmeaning figment arising from a misapprehension of the essences of classes; yet even Locke, when he extirpated the parent error, could not shake himself free from that which was its fruit. He distinguished two sorts of essences, Real and Nominal. His nominal essences were the essences of classes, explained nearly as we have now explained them. Nor is anything wanting to render the third book of Locke's *Essay* a nearly perfect treatise on the connotation of names, except to free its language from that assumption of what are called Abstract Ideas, which unfortunately is involved in the phraseology, although not necessarily connected with the thoughts, contained in that Book."⁵—Vol. i. p. 154.

In a note attached to this passage, Mr. Mill refers to a proposed emendation of Locke's phraseology.

"The always acute and often profound author of *An Outline of Sematology*, (Mr. B. H. Smart,) justly says, 'Locke will be much more intelligible if, in the majority of places, we substitute "the knowledge of" for what he calls, "the idea of." Among the many criticisms on Locke's use of the word *Idea*, this is the only one which, as it appears to me, precisely hits the mark; and I quote it for the additional reason that it precisely expresses the point of difference respecting the import of Propositions, between my view and what I have called the conceptualist view of them. Where a conceptualist says that a name or a proposition expresses our *Idea* of a thing, I should generally say (instead of our *Idea*) our *Knowledge*, or *Belief*, concerning the thing itself.'—Vol. i. p. 154.

And he goes on to state that non-essential propositions alone are those which convey real information, and may therefore be justly designated Real Propositions; whereas the essential propositions of the schools are merely Verbal.

"An essential proposition is one that is purely verbal; which asserts of a thing under a particular name, only what is asserted of it in the fact of

calling it by that name; and which therefore either gives no information, or gives it respecting the name, not the thing. Non-essential, or accidental propositions, on the contrary, may be called real propositions, in opposition to verbal. They predicate of a thing some fact not involved in the signification of the name by which the proposition speaks of it; some attribute not connoted by the name. Such are all propositions concerning things individually designated, and all general or particular propositions, in which the predicate connotes any attribute not connoted by the subject. All these, if true, add to our knowledge: they convey information not already involved in the names employed. When I am told that all, or even that some objects, which have certain qualities, or which stand in certain relations, have also certain other qualities, or stand in certain other relations, I learn from this proposition a new fact; a fact not included in my knowledge of the meaning of the words, nor even of the existence of things answering to the signification of those words. It is this class of propositions only which are in themselves instructive, or from which any instructive propositions can be inferred."—Vol. i. p. 156.

A laborious chapter on the nature of Classification and the five Predicables, with another on Definition, complete the first book of Mr. Mill's treatise. The second book is devoted to the subject of Reasoning. Hitherto we have prosecuted a merely preliminary though indispensable inquiry; an inquiry into the *import* of propositions; without entering into the criteria which distinguish true propositions from false; and we have found that,—

"Whatever be the form of the proposition, and whatever its nominal subject or predicate, the real subject of every proposition is some one or more facts or phenomena of consciousness, or some one or more of the hidden causes or powers to which we ascribe those facts; and that what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or those powers, is always either Existence, Order in Place, Order in Time, Causation, or Resemblance. This is the theory of the Import of Propositions, reduced to its ultimate elements."—Vol. i. p. 216.

We now proceed to the peculiar problem of logic; namely, how the assertions of which we have analysed the import, are proved or disproved: such of them, at least, as, not resting upon direct consciousness or intuition, are appropriate subjects of proof. Most propositions are believed, not on their own direct evidence, but because they are *inferred*, or *follow*, from other admitted propositions.

Now, there are several cases of merely apparent inference, the principal being those considered in the ordinary manuals, under the head of the conversion and æquipollency of propositions. These are well worthy of the study of the young logician; there being no more important intellectual habit, nor one more effectually cultivated by the art of logic, than that of detecting, with promptitude and certainty, the identity of a proposition under various disguises of language. But, without dwelling on these cases, in which the progress from one truth to another is merely apparent, (the logical consequent being a mere repetition of the logical antecedent;) let us proceed to those in which we really progress, by the way of inference, from a known truth to an unknown.

Reasoning or Inference is by no means confined to Ratiocination,

or the process of inferring a proposition from other propositions *equally* or *more* general. It also includes the process of inferring a proposition from propositions *less* general than itself, or the process of Induction. But at present we will speak of Ratiocination or Syllogism only; though not at any great length, since this part of our subject is most fully treated in the common manuals of logic.

It is well known that syllogisms may be divided into four figures, according to the position of the middle-term; but that all correct ratiocination admits of being stated in syllogisms of the first figure alone. At the same time; there are cases in which the argument falls more naturally into one of the other three figures; and Lambert, a German philosopher referred to by Mr. Mill, has pointed out, in his *Neues Organon*, (published in the year 1764,) what sorts of arguments fall most naturally and suitably into each of the four figures. "The first figure," he says, "is suited to the discovery or proof of the properties of a thing; the second to the discovery or proof of the distinctions between things; the third to the discovery or proof of instances and exceptions; the fourth to the discovery or exclusion of the different species of a genus." Lambert regards the reference of syllogisms in the last three figures to the *Dictum de omni et nullo*, as strained and unnatural. He claims for each figure a separate axiom, co-ordinate with that dictum. That for the second figure he calls the *dictum de diverso*; for the third, the *dictum de exemplo*; and for the fourth, the *dictum de reciproco*.

Mr. Mill enters into a very interesting discussion as to the value of the great logical axiom—the *dictum de omni et nullo*—that whatever can be affirmed (or denied) of a class, may be affirmed (or denied) of everything included in the class.

"This maxim, when considered as a principle of reasoning, appears suited to a system of metaphysics once, indeed, generally received, but which for the last two centuries has been considered as finally abandoned, though there have not been wanting in our own day attempts at its revival. So long as what were termed Universals were regarded as a peculiar kind of substances, having an objective existence distinct from the individual objects classed under them, the *dictum de omni* conveyed an important meaning; because it expressed the intercommunity of nature, which it was necessary, upon that theory, that we should suppose to exist between those general substances and the particular substances which were subordinated to them. That everything predicable of the universal was predicable of the various individuals contained under it, was then no identical proposition, but a statement of what was conceived as a fundamental law of the universe. The assertion that the entire nature and properties of the *substantia secunda* formed part of the properties of each of the individual substances called by the same name; that the properties of Man, for example, were properties of all men; was a proposition of real significance when Man did not mean all men, but something inherent in men, and vastly superior to them in dignity. Now, however, when it is known that a class, an universal, a genus or species, is not an entity *per se*, but neither more nor less than the individual substances themselves which are placed in the class, and that there is nothing real in the matter except those objects, a common name given to them, and common attributes indicated by the name; what, I should be glad to know, do we learn by being told, that whatever can be

affirmed of a class, may be affirmed of every object contained in that class? The class is nothing but the objects contained it: and the *dictum de omni* merely amounts to the identical proposition, that whatever is true of certain objects, is true of each of those objects. If all ratiocination were no more than the application of this maxim to particular cases, the syllogism would indeed be, what it has so often been declared to be, solemn trifling. To give any real meaning to the *dictum de omni*, we must consider it not as an axiom but as a definition; we must look upon it as intended to explain, in a circuitous and paraphrastic manner, the meaning of the word *class*."—Vol. i. p. 236.

The old scholastic dogma, that general substances alone are permanent, while the individuals comprehended under them are in a perpetual flux, though seven times banished from philosophy, has seven times returned, lurking under various disguises; at one time under the abstract ideas of Locke; at another, under the ultra-nominalism of Hobbes and Condillac; and again, under the ontology of the later Kantians.

"Once accustomed to consider scientific investigation as essentially consisting in the study of *universals*, men did not drop this habit of thought when they ceased to regard universals as possessing an independent existence: and even those who went the length of considering them mere names, could not free themselves from the notion that the investigation of truth consisted entirely or partly in some kind of conjuration or juggle with those names. The culminating point of this philosophy is the noted aphorism of Condillac, that a science is nothing, or scarcely anything, but *une langue bien faite*: in other words, that the one sufficient rule for discovering the nature and properties of objects, is to name them properly: as if the reverse were not the truth, that it is impossible to name them properly, except in proportion as we are already acquainted with their nature and properties."—Vol. i. p. 237.

Mr. Mill has devoted a chapter of considerable length to a discussion of the functions and logical value of the syllogism. Is the syllogistic process a means of arriving at a knowledge of something we did not know before?

"Logicians have been remarkably unanimous in their mode of answering this question. It is universally allowed that a syllogism is vicious, if there be anything more in the conclusion than was allowed in the premisses. But this is, in fact, to say, that nothing ever was or can be proved by syllogism, which was not known, or assumed to be known before. . . . Yet the acknowledgment, so explicitly made, has not prevented one set of writers from continuing to represent the syllogism as the correct analysis of what the mind actually performs in discovering and proving the larger half of the truths, whether of science or of daily life, which we believe;—while those who have avoided this inconvenience, and have followed out the general theorem respecting the logical value of the syllogism to its legitimate corollary, have been led to impute uselessness and frivolity to the syllogistic theory itself, on the ground of the *petitio principii*, which they allege to be inherent in every syllogism."—Vol. i. p. 245.

We shall now endeavour to compress into a smaller compass than it occupies in the text, Mr. Mill's own account of the functions and value of the syllogism, in reply to these two opinions.

In the first place, it must be granted that in every syllogism, considered as an argument to prove the conclusion, there is a *petitio*

principii. If the whole syllogism hangs on the major premiss; and the major premiss cannot be true unless every individual case included under it be true; and the evidence of the truth of these is derived *aliunde*; and the conclusion is nothing more than one of these individual cases;—what is there left for the syllogism to prove? But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the conclusion may, to the person to whom the syllogism is presented, be really and truly a new truth. From what, then, do we infer it? From the major premiss? To this question, Mr. Mill answers “No;” and after adducing a variety of familiar instances of our ordinary processes of reasoning, arrives at the following conclusions:—

“All inference is from particulars to particulars. General propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more. The major premiss of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description: and the conclusion is not an inference drawn from the formula, but an inference drawn according to the formula: the real logical antecedent, or premisses, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction.”—Vol. i. p. 259.

And he thus concludes as to the value of the syllogistic form of reasoning, and of the rules for using it correctly:—

“The value of these,” he says, “does not consist in their being the form and the rules according to which our reasonings are necessarily, or even usually made; but in their furnishing us with a mode in which those reasonings may always be represented, and which is admirably calculated, if they are inconclusive, to bring their inconclusiveness to light.”—Vol. i. p. 267.

But what is the universal type of the reasoning process, since syllogism, it appears, is not? This question, says Mr. Mill, resolves itself into an inquiry as to the nature and functions of the minor premiss: for, as regards the major premiss, it has been shown that it is no real part of the argument, but an intermediate halting-place for the mind, interposed, by way of security, between the conclusion and the real premisses, namely, the individual facts or observations, of which the major is merely the record in general terms. Mr. Mill has not answered the question so distinctly as we could desire; but the following is a tolerably clear statement of the whole case. Let the syllogism, taken by way of example, be—

All men are mortal,
Socrates is a man,
therefore
Socrates is mortal.

“In the argument which proves that Socrates is mortal, one indispensable part of the premisses will be as follows: ‘My father, and my father’s father, A, B, C, and an indefinite number of other persons, were mortal;’ which is only an expression in different words of the observed fact that they have died. This is the major premiss, divested of the *petitio principii*, and cut down to as much as is really known by direct evidence.

“In order to connect this proposition with the conclusion, ‘Socrates is mortal,’ the additional link necessary is such a proposition as the following: ‘Socrates resembles my father, and my father’s father, and the other individuals specified.’ This proposition we assert when we say that Socrates is a man.

By saying so, we likewise assert in what respect he resembles them, namely, in the attributes connoted by the word man. And from this we conclude that he further resembles them in the attribute mortality."—Vol. i. p. 272.

Here then, says Mr. Mill, we have an universal type of the reasoning process. We find it capable of resolution, in all cases, into the following elements:—Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute.

This type of ratiocination differs in one remarkable respect from the syllogism as defined by technical logicians: it does not claim to be conclusive from the mere form of the expression. When two propositions, as the major and minor premisses of a syllogism, assert facts which are *bond fide* different, the mere form of expression cannot show whether the one proves the other. This is the province of Induction; and must be decided by the canons which regulate this great mental operation.

From the foregoing analysis of the syllogism, it appears that the minor premiss always affirms a resemblance between a new case and some cases previously known; while the major premiss asserts something which, having been found true of those known cases, we consider ourselves warranted in holding true of any other case resembling the former in certain given particulars. If the minor premiss were always as simple as it generally is in the examples given in the ordinary manuals of logic, an elaborate science, like that now treated of, would be unnecessary; indeed, could not exist: and we should be led to ask, in surprise, how it comes to pass, that there exist Deductive or Ratiocinative Sciences; such, for example, as Mathematics, that noblest of sciences, one requiring the highest scientific genius in those who have contributed to its creation, and calling for a most continued and vigorous exertion of intellect, in order to master and appropriate it when so created. But when we come to deal with *trains* of reasoning, this difficulty vanishes. Taking, for instance, the science of geometry: our majors are furnished by the axioms and definitions, and the whole remaining business of the science consists in proving the minors necessary to complete the syllogisms. Out of these grow the deductions, or trains of reasoning, which form the whole difficulty of geometry, and constitute, with a trifling exception, its whole bulk; and hence geometry is a deductive science.

The process by which a science becomes deductive is thus traced by Mr. Mill. He first observes that the opposition is, not between the terms Deductive and Inductive, but between Deductive and Experimental.

"A science is Experimental, in proportion as every new case, which presents any peculiar features, stands in need of a new set of observations and experiments, a fresh induction. It is Deductive, in proportion as it can draw conclusions, respecting cases of a new kind, by processes which bring those cases under old inductions; by ascertaining that cases which cannot be observed to have the requisite marks, have, however, marks of those marks."—Vol. i. p. 289.

The generic distinction between sciences which can be made deductive, and those which must as yet remain experimental, consists in our having been able, or not yet able, to discover marks of marks. In an experimental science, the inductions remain detached; as when *a*, for instance, is a mark of *b*, *c* of *d*, and so on. Such a science becomes deductive when it has been ascertained that *b*, for example, is a mark of *c*; which enables us thenceforth to prove deductively that *a* is a mark of *c*. Sometimes we may succeed in proving that *a* is a mark of (say) *f*; thus throwing the intermediate inductions, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, into a mere subordinate and dependent position. This was done, for instance, when,

"Newton discovered that the motions, whether regular or apparently anomalous, of all the bodies of the solar system, (each of which motions had been inferred by a separate logical operation, from separate marks,) were all marks of moving round a common centre, with a centripetal force varying directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance from that centre. This is the greatest example which has yet occurred of the transformation, at one stroke, of a science which was still to a great degree merely experimental, into a deductive science."—Vol. i. p. 291.

It was thus, again, that the science of Sound rose from a low rank among merely experimental sciences to a high rank among deductive sciences, when its phenomena were traced to the propagation of oscillations through an elastic medium; a discovery which grafted it upon the stock of dynamics, a science which had long before been rendered deductive. In like manner, other experimental sciences, as they are brought under the dominion of older or more exact sciences than themselves, and more especially under the Science of Number, become deductive. They obtain certainty; and being well-rooted, they quickly begin to throw out vigorous shoots.

"If it comes to be discovered that variations of *quality* in any class of phenomena, correspond regularly to variations of *quantity*, either in those same or in some other phenomena; every formula of mathematics applicable to quantities which vary in that particular manner, becomes a mark of a corresponding general truth respecting the variations in quality which accompany them: and the science of quantity being (as far as any science can be) altogether deductive, the theory of that particular kind of qualities becomes, to this extent, deductive also."—Vol. i. p. 293.

Mr. Mill concludes his Book on Reasoning with a discussion of the nature of demonstration and necessary truths. His object, throughout the whole treatise, is to prove that Induction is the foundation of all sciences; even of those which are deductive and demonstrative.

But if every step in the ratiocinations even of geometry is an act of induction, wherein lies that peculiar certainty which leads us to confer upon these subjects the name of *exact* sciences? This question is thus answered by Mr. Mill. Geometry rests upon definitions and axioms. Geometrical definitions differ from purely logical ones, in that they tacitly assume the real existence of the thing defined. But this assumption is false: there exist no points without magnitude; no lines without breadth; no circles with all their radii exactly

equal; no absolutely rectangular squares. The relations of geometrical to real truths is only an asymptotic one. But though no such thing exists as a line without breadth, there not only are lines whose breadth is inappreciable to the senses, but the mind has the power, when a perception is present to our senses, or a conception to our intellects,—not indeed of *conceiving* a line without breadth,—but of *attending* to a part only of that perception or conception, instead of the whole. It is an error to suppose, because we resolve to confine our attention to a certain number of the properties of an object, that we therefore conceive of that object denuded of its other properties. All that we do, is to disregard all other properties except those we expressly wish to contemplate. And hence Mr. Mill concludes, with Dugald Stewart, that geometry is built upon hypotheses; and owes to these alone that peculiar certainty which is supposed to distinguish its first principles from those of other sciences, especially such as are non-mathematical. He defends this doctrine against Mr. Whewell.

“The important doctrine of Dugald Stewart, which I have endeavoured to enforce, has been contested by a living philosopher, Mr. Whewell, both in the dissertation appended to his excellent *Mechanical Euclid*, and in his more recent elaborate work on the *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*; in which last he also replies to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, (ascribed to a writer of great scientific eminence,) in which Stewart’s opinion was defended against his former strictures. Mr. Whewell’s mode of refuting Stewart, is to prove against him, that the premisses of geometry are not definitions, but assumptions of the real existence of things corresponding to those definitions. This, however, is doing little for Mr. Whewell’s purpose, for it is these very assumptions which we say are hypotheses; and which he, if he denies that geometry is founded on hypotheses, must show to be absolute truths. All he does, however, is to observe, that they at any rate are not *arbitrary* hypotheses. . . . And this is true; but this has never been contradicted. Those who say that the premisses of geometry are hypotheses, are not bound to maintain them to be hypotheses which have no relation whatever to fact. Since an hypothesis framed for the purpose of scientific inquiry must relate to something which has real existence, (for there can be no science respecting non-entities;) it follows that any hypothesis we make respecting an object, to facilitate our study of it, must not involve anything which is distinctly false, and repugnant to its real nature: we must not ascribe to the thing any property which it has not; our liberty extends only to suppressing some of those which it has; under the indispensable obligation of restoring them, whenever, and in as far as, their presence or absence would make any material difference in the truth of our conclusions. Of this nature, accordingly, are the first principles involved in the definitions of geometry. In their positive part they are observed facts; it is only in their negative part that they are hypothetical.”—Vol. i. p. 302.

Again; geometry rests on axioms as well as on definitions. Attempts have been made to get rid of these, and to build geometry on definitions only. But although some of Euclid’s axioms may be cast into the form of definitions, and others may be deduced from more elementary propositions, there will still remain, as Mr. Whewell has conclusively proved against Stewart, some fundamental truths which are incapable of demonstration: such as that,—“Two straight

lines cannot enclose a space," or its equivalent, "Straight lines which coincide in two points coincide altogether;" and again that, "Two straight lines which intersect each other, cannot both of them be parallel to a third straight line." And now comes the inquiry:—What is the evidence on which axioms rest? To this, Mr. Mill replies,—They are experimental truths; generalizations from observation; inductions from the evidence of our senses.

This opinion is so directly opposed to that commonly accepted among philosophers, that Mr. Mill naturally anticipates a more unfavourable reception for this proposition, than for any other enunciated in his work. In the valuable treatise already referred to, Mr. Whewell has maintained the exactly opposite doctrine. Let us marshal the opposing arguments. Now, in the first place, Mr. Whewell admits that the truths which we call axioms are originally *suggested* by observation; so that if, for example, we had never seen a straight line, we should never have known that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. But, at the same time, he contends that it is not experience which *proves* the axiom; but that its truth is perceived *à priori*, by the constitution of the mind itself, from the first moment when the meaning of the proposition is apprehended. Mr. Mill rejoins, that whether geometrical axioms, as the above, *need* confirmation or not, they *receive* it in almost every instance of our lives. Where then, he asks, is the necessity for assuming that our recognition of these truths has a different origin from the rest of our knowledge; when its existence is perfectly accounted for by supposing its origin to be the same? To this it is replied,—That if our assent to the above axiom were derived from the senses, we could be convinced of its truth only by actual trial; whereas we are convinced of its truth by merely *thinking* of straight lines. Besides, the axiom affirms not merely that two straight lines *do* not enclose a space, but that they *can* not: and how can observation prove this? Mr. Mill's answer to these arguments is, that geometrical forms possess this characteristic property; that our ideas (as we call them) of form, *exactly resemble* the sensations which suggest them; so that our mental pictures of straight lines, with their various combinations, are just as fit subjects of geometrical experimentation as the realities themselves.

"Without denying, therefore, the possibility of satisfying ourselves that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, by merely thinking of straight lines without actually looking at them; I contend, that we do not believe this truth on the ground of the imaginary intuition simply, but because we know that the imaginary lines exactly resemble real ones."—Vol. i. p. 310.

But the great argument against Mr. Mill's position is, that axioms are conceived by us not only as true, but as universally and *necessarily* true. Now, experience cannot possibly give this character to any proposition. "Experience," says Mr. Whewell, "cannot offer the smallest ground for the *necessity* of a proposition. She can observe and record what has happened; but she cannot find, in any case, or in any accumulation of cases, any reason for what *must*

happen." And this Mr. Mill is disposed to grant. But what is meant by a necessary truth? It is a proposition, the negation of which, is not only false, but inconceivable. This, then, is the principle asserted: that propositions, the negation of which is *inconceivable*, must rest upon evidence of a higher and more cogent description than any which experience can afford.

"Now I cannot but wonder," says Mr. Mill, "that so much stress should be laid upon the circumstance of *inconceivableness*, when there is such ample experience to show, that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself; but is in truth very much an affair of accident, and depends upon the past history and habits of our own minds. There is no more generally-admitted fact in human nature, than the extreme difficulty at first felt in conceiving anything as possible which is in contradiction to long-established and familiar experience, or even to old and familiar habits of thought. And this difficulty is a necessary result of the fundamental laws of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never in any one instance seen or thought of them separately; there is, by the primary law of association, an increasing difficulty, which in the end becomes insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart . . . so that the supposition, that the two facts can be separated in nature, will at last present itself to our minds with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon."—Vol. i. p. 314.

We agree with Mr. Mill in thinking that Mr. Whewell himself has furnished some of the strongest reasons against regarding experimental truths as necessary ones. In his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, he says:—"We now despise those who, in the Copernican controversy, could not conceive the apparent motion of the sun on the heliocentric hypothesis; or those who, in opposition to Galileo, thought that a uniform force might be that which generated a velocity proportional to the space; or those who held that there was something absurd in Newton's doctrine of the different refrangibility of differently coloured rays; or those who imagined that when elements combine, their sensible qualities must be manifest in the compound; or those who were reluctant to give up the distinction of vegetables into herbs, shrubs, and trees. . . . So complete has been the victory of truth in most of these instances, that at present we can hardly imagine the struggle to have been necessary. The very essence of these triumphs is, that they lead us to regard the views we reject as not only false, but inconceivable." *

"This last proposition," says Mr. Mill, "is precisely what I contend for; and I ask no more, in order to overthrow the whole theory of Mr. Whewell on the nature of axioms. For what is that theory? That the truth of axioms cannot have been learnt from experience, because their falsity is inconceivable. But Mr. Whewell himself says, that we are continually led, by the natural progress of thought, to regard as inconceivable what our forefathers not only conceived but believed, nay, even (he might have added) were unable to conceive the contrary of."—Vol. i. p. 320.

There cannot be, continues Mr. Mill, a more complete admission than this, that—

* *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. ii. p. 174.

"Inconceivableness is an accidental thing, not inherent in the phenomenon itself, but dependent on the mental history of the person who tries to conceive it."—Vol. i. p. 320.

Mr. Mill supports his views by reference to the able review of Mr. Whewell's two great works, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1841; and then, in the following chapter, proceeds to sum up his results.

"In the examination which formed the subject of the last chapter, into the nature of the evidence of those deductive sciences which are commonly represented to be systems of necessary truth, we have been led to the following conclusions. The results of these sciences are indeed necessary, in the sense of necessarily following from certain first principles, commonly called axioms and definitions; of being certainly true if those axioms and definitions are so. But their claim to the character of necessity, in any sense beyond this, as implying an evidence independent of and superior to observation and experience, must depend upon the previous establishment of such a claim in favour of the definitions and axioms themselves. With regard to axioms, we found that, considered as experimental truths, they rest upon superabundant and obvious evidence. We inquired, whether, since this is the case, it be necessary to suppose any other evidence of those truths than experimental evidence, any other origin for our belief of them than an experimental origin. We decided, that the burden of proof lies with those who maintain the affirmative, and we examined, at considerable length, such arguments as they have produced. The examination having led to the rejection of those arguments, we have thought ourselves warranted in concluding that axioms are but a class,—the highest class,—of inductions from experience; the simplest and easiest cases of generalization from the facts furnished to us by our senses, or by our internal consciousness.

"While the axioms of demonstrative sciences thus appeared to be experimental truths, the definitions, as they are incorrectly called, of those sciences, were found by us to be generalizations from experience, which are not even, accurately speaking, truths; being propositions in which, while we assert of some kind of object some property or properties which observation shows to belong to it, we at the same time deny that it possesses any other properties; although in truth other properties do in every individual instance accompany, and in most, or even in all instances, modify the property thus exclusively predicated. The denial, therefore, is a mere fiction, or supposition, made for the purpose of excluding the consideration of those modifying circumstances, when their influence is of too trifling amount to be worth considering; or for the purpose of adjourning it, when important, to a more convenient moment.

"From these considerations it would appear that Deductive or Demonstrative Sciences are all, without exception, Inductive Sciences; that their evidence is that of experience; but that they also, in virtue of the peculiar character of one indispensable portion of the general formulæ according to which their inductions are made, are Hypothetical Sciences. Their conclusions are only true upon certain suppositions, which are or ought to be approximations to the truth, but which are seldom, if ever, exactly true; and to this hypothetical character is to be ascribed the peculiar certainty which is supposed to be inherent in demonstration."—Vol. i. pp. 328, 329.

Mr. Mill concludes this discussion by proving these positions with regard to Arithmetic and Algebra.

The road is now clear for our entrance upon the general subject of Induction. This subject having been more than once touched upon

in our pages, we hope to treat it, in our next number, with the fullness which it justly demands.

If the Logic of Induction bore only on the natural sciences, we should still feel ourselves justified in pursuing it; since every portion of truth ought to be subsidiary to that which is divine. But it also bears, not indirectly, upon subjects of the highest order; and an acquaintance with it will assist us in our express ministrations in the service of the LORD of all. This, indeed, is a satisfaction peculiar to the devout and enlightened student. He finds GOD in all things. He walks abroad into the haunts of nature, not to catch the echo of only one utterance of the mighty oracle, but to hear the myriad voices, which bear each its own special testimony to the attributes of HIM, in whom the whole creation lives and moves and has its being. Science is the interpretation of the book of nature. The logic of induction furnishes the rules for this interpretation, and when we have concluded our survey of them, we shall find that they involve great moral principles, no less than such as are purely intellectual.

A Plea for National Holidays. By LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.
Second Edition. London: Painter. 1843.

A Letter to Lord John Manners. By a Minister of the Holy Catholic Church. London: Longman. 1843.

It is impossible to meet the crowds which pour forth from our larger towns on such days as Easter-monday, Whit-monday, &c. without seeing one of two characters stamped on the countenances of the majority,—care unrelaxed, or a pseudo-mirth, as distinct from true joy as the assumed sorrow of the hireling mourner differs from the sufferings of the bereaved. We see either that there is no enjoyment, or a false enjoyment—either that the heart is dulled to pleasure, or alive only to perverted and unnatural joys. Men are pretty generally conscious of this sad state of things, and they remark upon it, and bestow their pity, and there is an end of the matter with them. Few, even though that few are an increasing band, consider the fact which we have mentioned, as it most truly is, a sign and seal of moral evil manifesting itself in *everything* throughout the poor of England; a moaning and warning of the hidden fire of that volcano, on the crater of which we are sporting and playing, until the outburst be prepared. To us these things are full of overwhelming and most painful interest, especially when the words of Hooker recur to us:—"They which joy and grieve as they ought, cannot possibly otherwise live than as they should; and they, therefore, who do not and cannot joy aright, cannot possibly live otherwise than contrary to God's will."*

* Hooker, lib. v. c. 72.

What, we ask ourselves, can become of these joyless ones? Where shall they gather strength for the future? Where shall they renew their growth, to bear up against the toil of mind and body which weighs upon them? How, too, shall they hear the voice of the preacher, when he speaks of rest, and joy, and refreshment? They do not know that these things are. There is no chord in their souls which can respond to a touch of happiness. But care and the world are bowing down their minds and their bodies with a heavier and more unrelaxing chain each day of their existence. And then the joy of those who are ignorant of true natural happiness falls upon our ears, as we think of it, in loud laughs and shouts so strange, that we are startled at the memory of them. No one, of any observation, can mistake this false mirth of theirs for true joy. No one who has ever walked down the street of a country village, on the morning of the Lord's-day, and has heard the boisterous merriment of those who would appear to be happy in their sin, and has marked the rude, hustling walk, and the attempted practical joke of the mistrustful reveller, can forget the signs of this false merriment. Still less easily can any one, who has once heard it, forget the hellish laugh, the hollow mocking sound of mirth, which echoes along the streets at night, from one or another knot of the most miserable of abandoned women. They who have once noticed these things, will be ready enough to believe in the moral nature of joy, and know well that there is a mirth which is no mirth, even as there is a peace which is no peace. And such, alas! is the merriment of the great majority of the crowds which we have been describing. There is no happiness nor enjoyment in their sounds, but evidence of license, and of levity without lightheartedness, and of a mirth put on to vices which are not assumed.

Well, the world says, in answer to all this, These facts are incontrovertible, and the only conclusion that can be drawn from them is, that the working classes must be altogether working classes, and that they have become incapable of using leisure either happily or worthily. They abuse the few holydays they have, or at the least do not profit by them,—why, then, seek to give them more?

Oh! if England did but know herself, and the miserable sops with which she satisfies the occasional cravings of her conscience, surely she would turn, even in this her day, and cast away the cloke of selfishness which is not her own! How will the children of the world dare to urge this plea, when they are judged for their share in the misery of millions? When their own amusements were seen to pass into extravagance, and debt, and vice, were they renounced because they were abused? When society became all false and hollow with assumed appearances, and men were robbing their dependents and their poor to keep up their own luxuries and show, was a pause made; was a cry heard, Stop entirely, for you have gone too far? No; the course of amusement and of luxuries went on and on, and is still proceeding, in spite of all their curses.

For all the poachers who have been transported, and all the vices of the race-course, and all the ruin of betting, "whole treatises," (says Lord J. M.) "have been written during the last ten years on every imaginable sport; every county in England possesses its pack of fox-hounds, or its harriers. Shooting may be said to have reached the pitch of perfection; more game is probably slaughtered now-a-days on a first of September, with all imaginable ease, than was used to be killed with difficulty in a whole year, under good Queen Bess; and our breed of race-horses is the admiration of the world."—P. 5.

Let us hear our author in his answer to the argument from above.

"If it is true that, at these occasional cessations from work, the English labourer breaks loose from propriety, is it not because he has been so long bound to one unvarying course of toil that he knows not rightly how to appreciate or use the unwonted holyday? It would be as logical to argue against holydays for school-boys, from their pea-shooting, and making faces at all the good folks they meet in their wild glee on their road home, as to conclude that because, as things now are, an election or a coronation produces a debauch, the fewer holydays the people have, the better it is for their morals. Indeed, it is a strange contradiction to aver that the English labourer is so steady and plodding, that he does not want a holyday; and then, that when he has one, he loses all his steadiness, and runs riot in dissipation. The truth is, as in many other matters, the abuse springs from the non-use."—P. 11.

So, also, Mr. Southey, who is quoted page 13: "The want of holydays breaks down and brutalizes the labouring class, and when they occur *seldom* they are uniformly abused."

But, besides all the moral consequences resulting from the *de facto* denial of recreations to the poor, the moral consequences of deadness to true joy, insensibility to good emotions, liability to be allured by vicious pleasures, and abuse of all the little leisure left, there remain some fearful evils, which have a *direct* influence upon our national prosperity; an influence, that is to say, the certainty and sequence of which the world is ready to perceive.

I. There cannot but be a *growing* chasm between the producer and the consumer of luxuries. It cannot be, that on one side every luxury should be abundant, every recreation frequent; field sports, and balls, and fêtes, and the round of visiting, and travelling, and the hundred pastimes, or *consumption of time*, which are at the command of the rich, should stand year after year and side by side with the unremitting toil, the unrealized anxiety, the uncheered poverty of the labouring classes, without increasing dissatisfaction on the one part, and suspicion on the other. The two classes must, under such a system, become more and more widely separated, until from mutual independence they pass into mutual hostility, and one or other fall.

II. The physical energies of the country are being rapidly impaired. In one regiment,

"So great and permanent is the deterioration, that out of six hundred and thirteen enlisted, almost all of whom came from Birmingham and five other neighbouring towns, only two hundred and thirty-eight were approved for service. Dr. Mitchell, in his 'Report of the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers,' (Spitalfields,) adduces evidence on this point. One witness, well acquainted with the class, states: 'They are decayed in their bodies: the whole race of them is rapidly descending to the size of Lilliputians. You could not raise a grenadier company among them all.'—P. 21.

Such are some of our evils; and much may be done to alleviate them by schools and churches, and still more by a larger supply of faithful ministers; for all the moral improvement which is effected will tend to the happiness and bodily health of those benefited. But, even with all these means, (*supposing us to possess them,*) it will be an uphill journey, if we do not add *visibly and directly* to the enjoyments of the poor; for we have seen how little hope there is of moving hearts which have become insensible to natural desires through long depression, and the continued callousness of toil and trouble; and how hard it will be to turn the affections of the people towards those who are enjoying themselves, whilst they make no attempt to contribute to the happiness of their less-favoured countrymen.

Wisely, then, does Lord J. Manners recommend the *adoption* and *promotion* of sports and pastimes for the labouring classes; and we go with him heart and soul in his principle. But we shall have something to suggest hereafter, as to the time and nature of those sports. For the *when* and the *how* make all the difference sometimes in such things; and we know the vanity of the pugilistic argument, that the knife having come in, the fist must expel it again. It by no means follows, because the people have become what they are, very much through the want of sports, that, therefore, the amusements of their ancestors must be revived in these days; or that Greenwich Fair, or the "Wooden Horse" of Woodstock are laudable and useful now, because they may have been harmless once. *Something* is to be done. Let this be granted, and we shall gradually work out what that something is.

One more objection will be urged, which we must answer, viz. the *expense*. How are the labourers to spare their wages, or the employers their hire? It is all very true that there may be an *eventual* saving to the country by an increase of the happiness and energies of our people. It is admitted that "holydays among an overworked people do not always hinder business," (*Spectator*, quoted page 34;) but who is to *begin*; how is the *first* difficulty to be got over; how is the *present* to be provided for? Let the manufacturer, and, still more, the consumer, think over these questions, until they find some answer for their conscience. We have stated them very much in order to occasion reflection. Let them think whether they cannot forego somewhat of their abundance, something from that show and glitter, which should not be attractive to the well-educated; something from the incessant round of pleasures which have ceased to be recreations, and have turned to toils; something which

may give joy and rest to the weary hearts of their brethren, in order that they may be feasting the poor as well as rich, and may rejoice with those whom they have enabled to rejoice; else us fellow-members of one body, they should cease to rejoice themselves, if the poor are sad thus hopelessly, and should weep with those who weep.

Such being our view of the necessity of national holidays and of sports to the mind and bodies of our careworn people, we are quite as thankful to Lord J. Manners for his careful avoidance of the Sabbath question as we are for his earnest plea on behalf of the poor. Nothing can be imagined which is more calculated to arm our enemies with an effective weapon, and to excite the fears of many of our friends beyond all remedy, than a revival like that contained in the second of the pamphlets wherewith we have headed our remarks. We have, indeed, enough of that warfare around us which disturbed the days of Whitgift and Laud, without adding to our troubles a second rebellion against the Book of Sports; and another practical difference between the heads of our Church. A friend of ours, who is a zealous—perhaps the most zealous—member of a Diocesan Board for Education, has been led of late, through conscientious scruples, to sell out all his railway property, because of the Sunday-trading of these bodies. A very considerable number of the proprietors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad have refused to receive any of the profits which are made upon the Lord's day: and we know well the opinions of that large and zealous body of our fellow-churchmen who are commonly designated Evangelical. In the name, then, of charity and common prudence, let the experience of the past profit us, and let us most carefully avoid anything which would so unnecessarily and irremediably estrange others from our communion, as would a revival of sports directed and encouraged by ministers of the Church upon the Lord's-day.

The Sabbath question will probably always remain an open question to a very considerable extent. We are inclined to think that it always has been so. No one at least can rise from reading Heylin and Bingham, without perceiving that these two learned men thought very differently upon the subject, and that each had good grounds for his opinion. Few, it may be added, would rise from the perusal of these authors, without finding considerable doubts in his own mind, and without a conscious uncertainty as to what is the testimony of antiquity upon the subject. It is very true that, in the early ages, we do not find the *why* made a question with regard to the observation of the day, but only the *how*; but when we consider the influence which synodal decrees and apostolic practice possessed over the minds of men in those days; and the horror of Judaical observances and the dislike of the Jews, which were so prevalent as to lead great men into error, we need not be surprised when we do not find the institution of the Lord's day so much a subject of discussion as the

varieties of its observations might have led us to expect.* Surely, then, the difference between the authorities quoted by Heylin and Bingham justify us in our assertion, that the question was an open one, to a great extent, from a very early period. But, with respect to one thing, it appears that there was no difference of opinion, and that one thing is, that games and sports, in the common sense of the terms, are things unsuited to the Lord's day, festival though it be. (See Bingham, lib. xx. cap. ii. sec. 4.)

Few people are aware that the Jewish Sabbath was properly a feast-day, a day on which men might innocently entertain their friends and exercise a proper hospitality; and that our Lord sanctioned this view of the observance of the day by His own presence at a banquet: and many would be still more surprised to see how differently the Jews kept the day from what they had been accustomed to suppose; to read of their revelries and dances and excessive mirth, and of the instruction which christian bishops took occasion to give from the evil example of the Jews as to the true nature of the christian festival. (See Bingham, lib. xx. cap. ii. § 4.) In old times, the Christian kept the Lord's day more holy than the Jew his Sabbath, and they who would have sports and public spectacles on Sunday, do, in truth, *Judaize* more than those who would devote it wholly to God's service.

This consideration does not, indeed, encourage a *rigid* observance of the day, nor the conversion of a time of rest into a time of mental labour, nor such an exclusive attention to religious subjects, as to make the festival, through very wearisomeness, lapse into a fast. We have already warned the managers of Sunday Schools of the great risk under the present system of making the Lord's day and all religious exercises an object of dislike to the young; and the same remarks are good of all men in various degrees. But, assuredly, if other holy-days besides those of the Lord's day, and other times of public worship were observed, there would be neither so much impatience of the religious duties of the Lord's day, nor so great a need of them, as is too frequent among those to whom this day is the only time of relaxation from incessant toil of mind or body. The more the other holy-days are kept as seasons of rejoicing, the more our Sundays will be revered and improved.

Admitting, then, the necessity of holidays and sports, and that it is incumbent upon us to furnish them, from time to time, out of the six days which are left to our own disposal, there yet remains a question as to the nature of the sports and recreations which should be encouraged amongst the poor.

In the country there is not much difficulty in this subject either

* Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Theodoret, and Cyril, all concur in pronouncing the divine institution of the Mosaic sacrifices to have been an accommodation to the prejudices of the Jewish people. See Magee on the Atonement.

to the squire or the parson. Old customs have not so died away from amongst the rural districts, and reverence for the authority of the master or clergyman is not so extinct, as to preclude the revival of many of the more harmless of our old English sports, such as the maypole, football, running, leaping, &c. &c. Wrestling and single-stick, and such games, are now hardly compatible with the preservation of good temper and harmony. But in the dense populations of our towns, mines, and potteries, the case is widely different. These places are inhabited by a *new* people, a people who have no sympathy with, or knowledge of, the past, nothing in their minds which would respond to English sports *because* they are English.

And it is on this account chiefly that we look upon all fair visions like our author's, such as that of shooting at the butts, and of other ancient and manly sports held around the walls of our churches, as little more than visions. Independently of the expense and other difficulties connected with these sports, there is this one insuperable objection to them, that they have died away out of the hearts of the people. When the club was the weapon of the apprentice, and the bow the glory of our English yeomen; when the memory of Flodden was fresh, and a king thought it not beneath him to excel in bowmanship, there was that in the minds of men which gave an interest to the sport and which endeared it to them. This is gone, and to attempt to go back to the habit without restoration of the impulse, is worse than vain. We have before now had occasion to observe that we may not endeavour to live out of our age; that we must work out of the materials which we have, that which will supply our wants. Nor is it more unnatural and out of taste for the present to despise and destroy all remembrance of the past, than it is to force upon the unwilling present the institutions of former days. There is great danger of this error, or we would not say so much upon it: and we entreat all who feel dissatisfied with these remarks, to remember the temporary revival of old times towards the end of the history of Sparta, or the more obvious absurdities of the French Revolution in its republican masque, if they would see how utterly vain it is to restore in, or engraft upon, any people that which is not congenial to its spirit. Free institutions, said the immortal Niebuhr, cannot make free men; nor can any institution benefit any man unless it be adapted to his state. All attempts to impose upon us bare customs for which we have lost our sympathy, are but to reenact the Eglinton tournament on a larger scale, and to masquerade the nation for the short time during which it will endure the disguise.

Another reason against the encouragement of such sports in populous districts, and even of those games which are more in unison with men's feelings, but are liable to produce disturbance, is the total absence of all check except that of physical force. It

cannot be in such places as it was once, and still may be, in the country, where the squire's presence is a law to his tenantry.

"When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery:
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old lord of Rylston-hall
Was happiest, proudest, of them all."

These scenes, and such as we read of in *Old Mortality* and the *Forest of Arden*, cannot be found in that population for which we are most anxious to furnish amusements, because they stand most in need of them; and for this one single and sad reason, that there is no moral bond between those who should direct and those who should enjoy such pastimes. The richer man, be he what he may, in most cases does not even know the poorer. Whilst this is the case, it will be at a risk of all their influence, of the peace of their neighbourhood, and of great moral evils, if the clergy attempt to direct the boisterous sports of a holiday crowd in one of these districts.

One way, however, is so open to us, and presents so cheerful a promise, that we feel bound to call attention to it. The national schools are in the power of the parochial clergy. At a small cost, either of time, money, or thought, the parish priest may cause every "diviner morn" of the Church to dawn with the promise of some recreation to the young of his flock. To them, too, he has means which are in great measure denied to him as regards others, of explaining the meaning of the festival, and leading them to associate their pleasure with its sacred occasion. Who can calculate the amount of religious elevation, the catholic temper, which such proceedings, with God's blessing, might be the means of imparting? But to return to the subordinate, though highly important object, which has been before us at present; such communication of pleasure to their children might well be counted on as a road to the hearts of their parents; a kindness done to the former would be felt as a kindness to the latter also; the joy of a holiday would not stop with the former, but would pass through them on to the latter. The benevolent and right-minded of the aristocracy could hardly fail to take a hint at once so practical and so pregnant: there would be found little limit to their means of carrying it out; visible and conspicuous results would then ensue, and even the middling classes of employers would discern the advantages of a line of action, conducive not merely to the pleasure, but to the bodily and mental health, the cheerfulness, the energy, and the patience of their labourers: and we have but to suppose the ex-

tension of such practices into our manufacturing districts, to find ample materials for re-creating our country—for, with God's blessing, healing her sore disease—and rendering her once again the merry England which God eminently designed her to be.

A Tract upon Tombstones; or Suggestions for the Consideration of Persons intending to set up that kind of Monument to the Memory of deceased Friends. By a MEMBER of the Lichfield Society for the Encouragement of Ecclesiastical Architecture. Rugeley, J. T. Walters. London: Burns. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 8vo. pp. 25.

Churches of Yorkshire. No. IV. Bolton Percy. Leeds: J. W. Green. London: Rivingtons, &c. Imp. 8vo. pp. 18.

EXPOSED in the open field to the undistinguishing tread of men and cattle, in an extra-parochial and remote nook of Northamptonshire, the curious observer of records of by-gone days may perchance stumble upon (for no one cares enough, and perhaps few know enough about the matter to direct him to it,—but he may perchance stumble upon) the top of a stone coffin, bearing on its surface a budding cross* of Calvary, and an abbot's crosier. The stone is as silent as it is unnoticed. There is no legend to tell whose bones rested beneath it; only the Christian is indicated by the cross, and the spiritual office by the crosier. And this stone is the only remaining memorial of a whole fraternity, of a family noble as the noblest among men: it is all that remains of an abbey at whose gate the poor of the neighbouring villages were fed, and from whose

“high monastic tower,
The bells rang out with gladsome power”

at matins and at even-song, to tell of a God to be worshipped, and of a holy service to be offered. This one stone, nameless and speechless, (and yet how eloquent, how venerable!) is all that remains of *Sulby Abbey*, and of one of the Fathers of that religious house.

Let us turn to a far different memorial of frail mortality.

* Or a cross of Calvary, *botond*, as a herald would describe it; but for our present purpose we prefer the word that tells of hope and vitality springing from the cross; and finds a type of the emblem of our salvation in Aaron's rod that *budded*. Even the ecclesiologist may, however, thankfully borrow from the herald the name of the cross of Calvary, to designate the cross set on steps, as of painful ascent, which represents that on which our blessed Redeemer was suspended.

One of the sides of the chancel arch in the beautiful church of Bolton Percy in Yorkshire, is mutilated to receive the following inscription, on a tablet of wretched taste :

MS.

Amplissimi, desideratissimique
 Ferdinandi Domini Fairfax, Baron de Cameron.
 Quem Britannica virtutis et fidei theatrum
 Ager Eboracensis edidit,
 Majorum splendore clarum,
 Curatorem pacis studiosissimum.
 Irarum (si quas peperit vicinia) sequestrum,
 Æqui bonique tenacissimum.
 Quippe summa domi forisque auctoritate,
 Parique apud omnes ordines gratia,
 Publicæ quietis amans,
 Sed bello insuperabilis
 Dextra gladium sinistra stateram tenens
 Utriusque laudis trophæa retulit ;
 Religionis cultor,
 Literarum patronus,
 Humanitatis repunicator :
 Nobilissimæ prolis numero, et pietate felix,
 Qua virum Maria Edmondi Comit. Mulgrave filia
 novies beavit.
 Quid igitur novi? Si (quos singularis amor tamdiu
 Tamque multiplici pignore sociavit)
 Mors ipsa non dirimet."

"Obiit anno { Ætatis 64.
 { Salutis humanæ 1647."*

Surely no one can help being struck by the contrast between these two monuments. The first utterly merges self in a spiritual office, sanctified by union with Christ, under the form of deepest abasement; the name is not seen, the crosier and the cross alone appear—the cross upon the toilsome steps which our divine Redeemer ascended, and on which we, too, must follow Him, if we would arise to glory; the crosier, the ensign not of the reward but of the ministry of the pastor. The other swells the name with superlative epithets, and gives the titles and offices for the sake of the individual who reflects glory on whatever he touches. England is happy in the services of Fairfax, Baron Cameron, and Yorkshire is rendered illustrious by his birth. He enjoyed every earthly blessing, performed every secular office, was glorious in peace, and in war invincible: he was even "*Religionis cultor*;" but it was just as he was "*literarum patronus*," as if he gave more than he received: and he was "*pietate felix*," but by a kind of joint-stock company of piety and a noble progeny, as if her ladyship were one of his children: but with all this not one word to show that the man himself, throughout his life, and those who erected this monument in his pompous memorial, had a thought of Christ and of true religion. Yes, we forget; they do not date his being by Lustrums, or Olympiads, or the Hegira

* Churches of Yorkshire.

or the Avatar, but by the Christian era. Lo, the only mark of Christianity on the whole tomb in the bracketing the year of our redemption with his own age.

Obiit Anno { *Ætatis* 64
 { *Salutis Humanæ* 1647.

Perhaps it may be said that we have taken extreme cases, and that the monuments of the middle ages are not often so exclusively Christian as that of the abbot of Sulby, nor those of later days often so secular, irreligious, and vainglorious, as that of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax. But we maintain that there is no exaggeration of either side of the contrast. Many are the cases in which far greater men, even in a secular sense, than my Lord Cameron, laid their bones beneath a nameless stone, marked only with a cross, or some sign that sank the individual in the religious; many, innumerable, are the boastful and profane monumental inscriptions of later days, of which that given above is rather a mild than exaggerated specimen. And very few, if any, are the cases in which what is said on the older tombs does not at least imply that a *Christian* rests beneath in *Christ*; while that is too often the only thing forgotten to be said, or inferred, on the pompous inscriptions erected to the memory of barons, esquires, magistrates, surgeons, and apothecaries, &c. &c., now, and for some generations past.

Indeed this seems the pervading spirit of our modern inscriptions—intense egotism: while in those of the middle ages self was almost wholly merged in religion. The earth which had gathered over the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey has preserved all the tombs on the floor of the nave of the once splendid conventual church, and they have been laid bare, and every letter is legible; walk over them all, and note the inscriptions and devices; you shall see none without the cross, none with more about the individual recorded than his name. The usual form of inscription is that most humble one, "*Orata pro anima*," &c. or "*Cujus animæ Deus propitiatur*:" as if the very stones would cry out, not in boasts, but in a *miserere*, if all human voices should be mute. It is not our present business to touch on disputed points of doctrine; for inscriptions must be judged according to the doctrines of the times to which they belong: we must grant them their theology to judge fairly of their merit; but Thorndike, no slight authority among true churchmen, did not hesitate to write an inscription for his own tomb, in the same strain, though with a little too much mixture of self:—

"*Hic jacet corpus Herberti Thorndyke,
Præbendarii hujus Ecclesiæ;*
Qui vivus veram Reformatæ Ecclesiæ rationem
Ac modum precibusque studiisque prosequabatur.
Tu Lector, Requiem ei,
Et beatam in Christo Resurrectionem, peccare."*

* Westminster.

But the usual tone of later inscriptions is that of claiming reward as due to the merits of the departed, without thought of prayer, or any intercession, even of the Great Intercessor. Protestants are loudly disclaiming the doctrine of human merit as Popish, but they are blazoning it in letters of gold on their sepulchral tablets; while the older inscriptions most feelingly disclaim it. But what is there in all the Popish inscriptions that were ever framed, to be compared with the following more than canonization of Alicia Brookes, with the concluding allusion to the Popish doctrine of a stock of merits irreverent beyond all parallel.

"Hic jacet Alicia Brookes, filia unica
Et hæres Ricardi Brookes, pietatis
Et modestiæ exemplar insigne, ejus
Innocentia candorem famæ
Calendario rubris notatum literis,
Hic tamen præ nostro luctu nigris
Quæ obiit 1660.

Thus Nature summoned her best treasure in,
As if the maker's [. . . R*] had bankrupt been."

And again, how dreadful the way in which the life of Hervey, the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," is made an example, and his works almost a gospel of life :

"Reader, expect no more to make him know,
Vain the fond elegy, and figured stone;
A name more lasting shall his writings give;
There view displayed his heavenly soul AND LIVE!" †

This most presumptuous and unscriptural tone of epitaphs crept in soon after the Reformation. As early as the year 1567 we find the form "*on whose soul God have mercy,*" converted to "*on whose soul the Lord hath taken mercy;*"† and indeed the judgment, and every other solemn change that is to take place between the time of death and that of glory, with all the hopes and fears attending them, are continually leaped over in a word, which raises the departed at once to heaven. The affectation of the first of these epitaphs, and the astronomy of the second, are swallowed up by the presumption and false doctrine of both.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

And again :

"Elizabetha, Dorothea, et Gulielmus, E— et A— uxoris ejus liberi, a lacte materno depulsi, lacteam viam aspirantes cælesti habitaculo commigrarunt."

There is, however, a sad confusion in the minds of epitaph-

* We do not pretend to fill up the *lacuna* which time or accident has made here.

† We think it necessary to assure the reader that in all cases we have transcribed real inscriptions, and not invented ill-natured parodies of the abominations which are admitted into our churches.

‡ Michael Pulteney, Esq. Misterton, Leicestershire.

writers concerning the nature and desirableness of that heaven to which they summarily dismiss their subjects; nor does it always seem quite clear that earth is not the better place. Thus immortality on earth is represented as the best reward for exalted virtue:—"She whom, if either intensive piety to her God, or extensive charity to her neighbours; if faithfulness to her celestial, or fidelity to her terrestrial spouse; if either the prayers of her friends, or the tears of the poor, could have preserved against the common frailty," &c.

But this confusion is most happily expressed in the following lines; for, though it be absurd enough to talk of being *banished home*, yet the ill-sorted words exactly represent the confusion of ideas which suggested them:

"You upon this earth was my delight,
But now my soul is *banish'd* quite,
Unto its everlasting home."

Passing from the simple absurdity to the unscriptural character of such expressions, it is enough to observe that they anticipate the judgment, and wholly deny the separate state of spirits, and the final resurrection. Others, again, as grossly pervert or contradict other doctrines. What remembrance could the author of an epitaph which says of one Robert Catelin, "*Si vitam spectas intaminatus erat; ipsa a quo potuit virtutem discere virtus,*" have of the doctrine of original sin, and of the divine declaration, "The just man sinneth seven times a day?" What strange conviction that there is no truth in the word of God, and that "an accomplished mind" is the true sign of sanctification, could have dictated the words "whose fine endowments, joined with a sweet disposition of nature, make any further character needless?" Again, whence, but from the world's estimation, are the tokens of greatness and virtue gathered, when we find beauty, wit, conviviality, eloquence, renown in war, or political struggles, not only recorded on the tablet in the Lord's house, but made to sanctify however much of infidelity and vice, they may perchance have been blended with? One or two instances are more than sufficient. Harrington "was endowed with great quickness of wit, and a most facetious temper." T. P. "displayed on all occasions the active zeal, the intrepid gallantry, and the invincible spirit, of a true British officer. He was shot through the body on the 25th of August, 1801, near the gates of Alexandria; but, like the immortal Abercrombie, he refused to quit his post so long as he could stand. His death—to himself was glorious, as his life had been honourable." Strange, in a christian church, to read of the active zeal and intrepid gallantry of a true British officer! strange to christian ears the notion thus attached to words—*zeal, spirit, immortal, glorious, honourable*. But, in fact, the introduction of a Mohammedan medal into the tablet from

which this is taken, shows that no degree of incongruity could shock the minds of those who erected it.

Close to the inscription last mentioned is another, which sins almost equally in the same kind—that in its language—utterly uncongenial to a christian church. We give it at length, only omitting names:—

“Sacred to the Memory of

Twenty-seven years a member of the Corporation

And a strenuous supporter of the Institutions of the borough of

He was a warm advocate of the Established Church, an uncompromising Defender

Of the glorious Constitution of 1688, a consistent Patriot, and a faithful friend.

During the general Election of the year 1831,

Whilst engaged in the exercise of his franchise as a Burgess of . . . his native place,

He was so severely injured by an excited populace, that he died at

May 13, 1831. Aged 52 years.

As a memorial of their high esteem

And in admiration of his inflexible public integrity, and private worth,

His numerous friends have caused this monument to be erected.

What can a *Christian* know, as such, of a *general election*, of *franchise*, of a *burgess*, and of *election riots*? Are these among the steps of the cross of Calvary which used to appear upon the tomb? And what can a *churchman* know of a *warm advocate of the Established Church*,* and of an *uncompromising defender of the glorious constitution of 1688*? Is the Establishment our charter, and the glorious Revolution† our peculiar boast?

Mr. Paget has alluded to the ill-placed accounts of death-bed sufferings often found on tombstones, and justly observes, that “there is something very disgusting and painful in the want of delicacy which sometimes publishes to the world, and perpetuates on their gravestones the bodily ailments, or unusual diseases of deceased persons.” He gives a most disgusting instance. The following is even worse, for it is profane. It describes one of the most painful diseases that man is subject to, and therefore one of the greatest trials of faith and patience to the Christian, as Orestes might describe the lash of the Eumenides, and the Almighty is painted as a tormenting fury. “Vesicæ doloribus, vel spectatore distrahentibus, distorta potius quam soluta natura, defunctus pœnarum calcaribus et flagellis Deo incitante, stadium exegit miserrimum.” The author of such an epitaph would probably represent his hero praying in his pangs, not “If it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done,” but

Ὁ Φοῖβ, ἀποκτενοῦσί μ' αἱ κοινῶνιδες
Γοργῶπες, ἐνέρων ἱέραι, δεινὰ θεαί.

* Yet a clergyman is thus designated on his tomb as “Priest of the Church of England, as by law established.”

† One can better sympathize, as Christians, with “Mr. John Adams, who was coachman to King James the Second, at his departure out of this kingdom.” For this at least tells of fidelity to a crowned head even to the last.

or,

Μέθες μὴ οὐσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐρινύων
Μέσον μὴ ὀχμαΐεις, ὡς βάλλης ἐς Τάρταρον.*

The record of death-bed "experiences," is perhaps still worse than the record of death-bed sufferings. We have not met with any nearer approach to this in the olden times than the following, which is at any rate simple and unobtrusive, and which is, we should judge, only another way of saying that the deceased departed in the communion of saints. "Orata pro anima, &c. qui *felicitè* obiit XIII. die mensis Junii, anno D'ni Milimo CCCCLXVII." Compare this with the following: "Here lieth, &c. who departed this life on Ash-Wednesday, —, 1757.

"He made a fine exit,
Nay, a glorious end;
For which God no doubt
To heav'n his soul will send;
We ought not then the loss,
Of him on earth lament,
As he died a sincere
And hearty penitent."

Strange that Ash-Wednesday should be remembered in such an inscription!

Some tombs are, and even profess to be, in utter forgetfulness of the place where they stand, mere pedigrees, and records of births and marriages, and descent of honours and property. In an inscription of no great length in Brington Church, the word "married" occurs eight times, and "issue" four times. In Otley Church is a huge brass on which a genealogical tree is engraved, giving the whole pedigree of the family of Palmes of Leathley. Even the executors are often named on the tombstone, as if there could be no limits to the extent to which the secular and the individual is interesting and important to the Churchman, and to the casual reader, the *viator* of inscriptions.

And truly it is very interesting to be told, with all the veracious and sententious wordiness of a tomb-stone, that T. W. was "an officer of Excise," and though born in London died at Duntón Basset

"Far from his kindred and his friends,
His business brought him down:
A tradesman once of good repute,
And lived at London town."

Posterity will be thankful to learn that A. B. was many years surgeon and lieutenant in the — militia: and that C. D. was a magistrate for the county of —: and E. F. twice pricked as sheriff for —: that "Brian Jansen, Esq. was sometime citizen and draper of London, and fined for alderman and sheriff

* Eurip. *Orestes*, 250, 254.

of the same city, and afterward high-sheriff of the county of Buckingham, and was the first purchaser of this manor of Ashby Legers, with the parsonage and vowson of the vicarage." It is indeed as difficult to see the merit of having purchased a vowson and a parsonage, as of having been a draper of London: yet we often find this good deed mentioned, and many a squire who little knows the iniquitous origin of the tenure is recorded on his tomb as an impropiator.

But you shall find the trade of the departed not infrequently made the subject of coarse jest, and we are called upon to laugh over the sad memorials of unsanctified mortality. William Clark thus addresses us from the grave:—

" My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my voice [sic] is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done."

And the grave writer himself, returning to his dust, finds an apt memorial:

" Hic jacet Rob. Hudson de Leedes, *lapidica* (si quis alius) ingeniosus, geometriæ, sculpturæ, cœlaturæque peritissimus. Qui dum aliis nomen ære ac marmore duraturum quæsit, sibi comparavit. Obiit Sep. A.D. MDCXCI. ætat. xxxv."

We have descended so low, that unless we close the list altogether, we must needs take at least a little step upwards; but little it is to the following, which we give as a literary curiosity. It is a dialogue between the stone, and the visitor of the grave:

" Anno 1640.

AMICUS.

LAPIDES.

- A.* Necne loqui possunt lapides? *L.* Nos posse fatemur.
Quod muti pueri sunt, et iniqui homines.
A. Quos tegitis? *L.* Fratres; si fratres comprobatur ortus,
Ora, fidus casus, nomina, terra, domus.
A. An puerive senes fuerant? *L.* Ah, neutrum et utrumque,
Nam pueri in annis, in pietate senes.
A. Quid nunc hi pueri? *L.* Cineres. *A.* Quid et amplius? *L.* Ossa.
Si magis aridet, sunt cinis, ossa, nihil.
A. Horum qui lacrymis decorarunt funera? *L.* Multi.
Nos lacrymas urnis his quoque sæpe damus.
A. Solve, anima, in lacrymas, si vos lacrymare soletis,
Cæci oculi aut sicci sint lacrymando mei."

How degraded must have been the taste of an age in which even the slender latinity requisite for the composition of a few hexameters and pentameters could be commonly associated with such *intolerabiles ineptiæ*, and that on so sacred a subject as the religious memorials of departed saints.

We had noted many other epitaphs, which, for their rudeness,

absurdity, false doctrine, impiety,* presumption, conceit, or for language totally unfit to be seen in the Lord's house, might exemplify the wretched character of monumental inscriptions in the last ages; but, however instructive it may be, the accumulation of such painful absurdities is tedious, both to ourselves and our readers, and we rather turn from the dispraise of inscriptions to the commendation of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article.

Mr. Paget's "Tract upon Tombstones" is a thoroughly practical essay upon the subject, and is calculated to do much good among the classes to whom it is addressed; those, that is, who are more likely to record the memory of their friends on a simple tomb in the churchyard than by an elaborate and expensive tablet, or monument, in the church. The faults which he exposes are touched with that playful satire which distinguishes Mr. Paget's writings; and the remedies which he proposes are all of them most worthy of attention. Two or three of his designs are very excellent, and to say that many more might be given, is only to say that a little tract might become a large and elaborately-illustrated volume with great advantage; but the increased price would take it out of the very field of usefulness to which it is so well adapted.

"The Churches of Yorkshire" is among the most beautiful works of its class, and is conducted in a manner, and with an ecclesiastical spirit, which give it a value beyond the limits of the county to which its descriptions are confined. Little, in general, is done in such works, in the description of the greatest beauties of architecture, to recommend them to imitation, or to interest the reader in the spirit which they embody; and little in the notice of painful blemishes, to indicate where the blame falls, and why the defect is so intolerable: but "The Churches of Yorkshire" aims, and we think successfully, at something beyond this, and is really calculated to raise the tone of church architecture in the present day. We give an instance in which the usual method of simple description and stupid indiscriminate praise is justly departed from. After describing the monument of Ferdinand Lord Fairfax, before adduced, the author observes:—

"It would be wasting words to offer any formal proof that such a monumental inscription as this, on a tablet of cinque-cento design, destroying, not merely disfiguring, but actually breaking in upon, component parts of the church's structure, is worse, both in taste and religious feeling, than the

* As, for instance, that of Judge Raynsford, which is a plain breach of the third commandment:

"M. S.

Ricardi Raynsford militis
Nuper de Banco Regis capitalis Justiciarii
Quantus vir, bone Deus!"
&c.

unobtrusive inscription or the figure harmonising with the design of the church, of ages which we are accustomed to call degraded in religion and in taste. Blame of course is not cast on individuals; but on the age which produced such perversions blame really should be cast. The truth is that a subtle spirit of paganism has embued the taste and feelings, and almost the religious creed of the mass of professing Christians during many generations; and in nothing has it been more painfully exemplified than in the sepulchral monuments of our immediate ancestors. They did not in fact desert the obsequies consecrated by our Lord's tomb; but while they buried their dead, they introduced the cinerary urn into the symbolical language of the monument, expressing the Christian's grief in language borrowed from heathen cremations: they did not actually invoke heathen deities in any religious service, nor promise to heroes and statesmen an immortality with Mars or Minerva; but they freely introduced mythological figures on the tombs of those whom they would immortalize; they did not actually worship the departed dead, nor celebrate their apotheosis; but such inscriptions as that we have just recorded, are, in their spirit, not very far removed from hero-worship. And sad it is to say, yet true, that the greater part of our most noble ecclesiastical edifices are partially paganised in character, by the obtrusive introduction of such sepulchral devices."—P. 16.

We have spoken hitherto only of the monumental *inscription*. May we be allowed to pass to the form of the tablet, and to put an important question to architects and architectural societies? What should be the design of a tablet to receive an epitaph in a Gothic church? The question is really important, and demands a better answer than it has yet received. There is a large class of persons who cannot afford the altar tomb, or the recumbent figure, who wish for, and will have, some other record than the stone in the churchyard, or the simple covering of the vault. The square tablet, with Grecian entablatures, &c., and with the usual proportion of urns and Death's heads, must take flight before something of more pretensions to harmony with the church in which they are erected; but what is to supply their place? The favourite plan at present is to magnify *ad libitum* some niche or piscina, and to suspend it, without any reference to propriety of place, just where the tablet may be best read. This contrivance has been adopted in a church which has attracted, and deservedly, much attention of late, on which very account we should be more cautious lest anything done there, merely because it is done there, should pass into a precedent.

"The ancient cover of the piscina of the fourteenth century is placed in the south-east wall of the chancel, and is converted into a monument to Thoresby, the antiquary; and in the north-east corner of the chancel is a monument to the memory of the Rev. Richard Fawcett, M.A., the late respected vicar of the parish. Both these monuments show the superior effect of monuments in harmony with the building over the Vandal chimney-piece monuments, contrived at an enormous expense by modern marble masons."*

* Introduction to the Seven Sermons preached at the Consecration of the Parish Church of Leeds.

Now the comparative praise here awarded may readily be granted; but it is not so fully admitted that by putting up anywhere a fragment of Gothic design, one gets a Gothic tablet in harmony with the church in which it is erected. The niche, the piscina, the sedile, had each a particular use, and a particular place in the Gothic church, and there each is beautiful and appropriate; but it might be as congruous to imitate an altar-tomb for a priest's seat, as to imitate a piscina for a monumental tablet. This is, indeed, to speak strongly; but to keep within limits: there are three places to which these fragments of Gothic design, or imitations of them, are likely to be promoted, as sepulchral memorials;—to the surface of a pier, to the blank wall between two windows, and to the space above the capitals of pillars, and between the spring of the arches. Now all these places are above the eye, whereas the piscina was rather beneath it; and the niche for a figure * could never occupy any such place, without destroying the general character of the church. Only take out your pencil and draw a mock piscina, of however beautiful proportions, and then arrange about it any part of any church you know likely to be fixed upon for an inscription, and you will at once perceive the want of harmony between the adopted design and everything around it.

The real truth is that we must first recover the feeling which made inscriptions but slight accessories to a tomb; and which taught those who laid their dead in consecrated ground, awaiting the last day for their *true* greatness, to direct the eye downwards to the pavement for their meek memorials, and not upwards for their blazoned pretensions. Yet, in the meanwhile, something perhaps may be done to find an appropriate device for such tablets as are so frequently erected at the present day. We speak not as suggesting a remedy, but as longing to give due thanks and praise to any who shall find one.

* We do not forget that at Malham, in Yorkshire, and one or two other churches in the same district, there are niches in the pillars; but they are so small as not to break in upon the perpendicular lines, and would not suffice to receive an inscribed tablet.

THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

PART II.—FROM 1565 TO 1577.

WHEN Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara, he found every one so engrossed by the preparations for the approaching festivals, that he had some difficulty in obtaining an audience of the cardinal. At last, however, he was admitted to his presence, and was favourably received, the cardinal telling him that he should be entirely master of his time, and that he only wished for his attendance at court when his inclination might lead him thither. The ensuing month was almost entirely occupied by successive entertainments, and we may imagine the effect produced on the mind of the young student by the dazzling scene. Versed as he was in the annals of chivalry, and naturally disposed to delight in magnificence, the concourse of nobles, princes, and ambassadors from various states; the pomp with which the bride made her entrance to Ferrara; the banquet, the music, and, above all, the tournaments, in which a hundred illustrious Ferrarese entered the lists, and combated in presence of the duke and the whole court, realised all that he had read or imagined of days of old. The festivals were interrupted by the sudden death of Pius IV., and the cardinal departed for Rome, to assist at the conclave, leaving Tasso at Ferrara.

Two sisters of the duke then adorned the court. Though not in the first bloom of youth, both were lovely and accomplished. Their mother, the princess Renée of France, had cultivated their taste for letters, for poetry, and music. The eldest, Lucretia d'Este, had shone in the recent galas. Indisposition had either prevented Leonora from appearing, or, as she had little taste for such amusements, had served as an excuse for her absence. Tasso was presented to the Princess Lucretia, and the favourable impression he made on her, led her to introduce him to her sister. He had celebrated them both in his *Rinaldo*, and he soon ingratiated himself with each. They recommended him to the notice of their brother, the Duke Alphonso, who paid him flattering attentions; and, knowing that he had commenced a poem on the subject of the conquest of Jerusalem, exhorted him to complete the undertaking. He accordingly resumed the work, which had been suspended for two years, and resolved to dedicate the poem to Alphonso, and to consecrate it to the glory of a family who showed so much disposition to befriend him.

In a few months the first six cantos were completed; during the progress of their composition, he read them to the two princesses, and their applause excited and sustained his poetical ardour. He also addressed to them occasional poems, which, from their nature, often cease to interest when the circumstance that called them forth is gone by. Some that Tasso wrote at this time are, however, valuable, both for their intrinsic beauty, and because they throw some light on the nature of his attachment for the two sisters. It is well known that a great controversy exists on this subject, perhaps not more futile than many others which have occupied learned men. It cannot be unim-

portant to ascertain what the feelings were, and how far they influenced the destiny of a man whose genius and misfortunes alike claim our interest. We shall return to this subject hereafter; at present it would interrupt the course of the narrative.

Tasso, finding that the cardinal intended to prolong his stay at Rome, made an excursion to Padua in the spring of 1566. His friends, especially Scipio di Gonzaga, were overjoyed to see him. He consulted them on the part he had completed of his *Goffredo*, and was encouraged by their approbation to proceed. From Padua he went to Milan, to Pavia, and lastly to Mantua, to see and embrace his father. He then returned to the court at Ferrara, where his favour increased with his reputation.

A new field now opened for his talents. Love, in those days, was not only a sentiment and a passion, it was also considered a science. Tasso piqued himself on his proficiency in it—a very excusable pretension in a poet and a philosopher of twenty-two, who had experienced the passion from infancy, as he himself informs us in one of his dialogues. "*La mia giovenezza fu tutto sottoposto all' amorose leggi.*" His first verses, composed at Bologna and Padua, were inspired by love. His homage and his poems were now addressed to Lucretia Bendidio, a lady celebrated for her wit and beauty; but he had a formidable rival in Pigna, secretary to the Duke Alphonso. Pigna sighed and rhymed for Lucretia. Tasso, whose verses far surpassed his, had need of caution to avoid exciting the jealousy of a man who might lessen his credit with the duke. His protectress, Leonora, suggested to him a means of escaping this embarrassment. Pigna had composed three canzoni on the fair object of his affections, which he named the Three Sisters, thus presumptuously comparing them to the three celebrated canzoni of Petrarch on the eyes of Laura, which are known by that name. Tasso employed himself in writing a commentary on these canzoni, and dedicated these "*Considerazioni*," as he called them, to the princess, with whom the idea originated. The vanity of the author, flattered by the praises of his young rival, did not detect the irony which lurked in the comparison Tasso drew between the poetry of the secretary and that of Petrarch, and thus, though rivals, they continued on amicable terms. Soon afterwards, Tasso, wishing to give Lucretia, Leonora herself, and all the court, a still higher idea of his proficiency in this science than they would entertain from his "*Considerazioni*," sustained publicly, in the academy of Ferrara, a thesis composed of fifty conclusions. This exercise lasted three successive days, and Scraffi gravely observes, that the talent, subtilty, and learning which he displayed in defending such difficult propositions were wonderful at so early an age. None of his opponents were able to cope with him, except one named Samminiato, and a lady, La Signora Orsina Cavaletti, who combated his twenty-first proposition—"That it is the nature of man to love more ardently and more constantly than woman." Perhaps this was one of the difficult propositions that Scraffi thought required all his learning and subtilty to maintain. The lady attacked it with the warmth of a woman who supports the cause of her sex, while the young philosopher bravely defended his.

He was interrupted in these pursuits in September, 1569, by the news of his father's illness. The duke of Mantua had made him governor of the small town of Ostiglia, on the Po. Shortly after he arrived there he fell ill. Torquato hastened to him, and the old man had the comfort of breathing his last in the arms of one of the most affectionate of sons, who deplored his loss as acutely as if it had been premature. The duke commanded his remains to be brought to Mantua, and erected a monument of costly marble to his memory, with this simple inscription—

"OSSA BERNARDI TASSI."

Some time afterwards, an order having been issued by the pope to destroy every monument in churches, that was above the level of the pavement, his son removed his ashes to Ferrara.

Bernardo Tasso's portrait may yet be seen in the Council Hall at Bergamo. It represents him with a high and open forehead, expressive eyes, a spare but well-proportioned form, and a pleasing aspect. His character was frank and sincere, mild, and disposed to love and friendship. In prosperity, he betrayed no pride or ambition; in adversity, his fortitude was unshaken. When his fortune permitted, he was liberal, and inclined to expense. Few men have been more free from the base passion of envy—a passion generally originating in an exaggerated estimate of our own merits and importance. He had early cultivated habits of business, and thus escaped a common error of literary men, who imagine their own pursuits are alone worthy to occupy attention. In short, he was blessed with that elastic frame of mind which misfortune may disturb, but can never wholly subdue. His lyric poetry is remarkable for a sweetness which often resembles that of Petrarch. Amadis procured him a high reputation in his time; it is now little read, its extreme length deterring most readers. Dolce, a contemporary, and a rival poet, says that the versification is admirable, the similes true and ingenious; that, in description, he sets objects before us with the skill of a painter; that in delineating the pleasures and pains of love he has never been equalled; and, in his accounts of battles and single combats, scarcely surpassed. There is a truth and reality in them unattainable by any but those who, like himself, were familiar with the shock of arms and the tumult of battles. Nor must we omit to praise the purity of his compositions, a rare merit in the poetical romances of that time, and one to which Ariosto can lay no claim.

Torquato, after he returned from paying the last duties to his father, gave himself up for some time to his grief. The marriage of Lucretia d'Este with the Prince Francesco Maria, son of the duke of Urbino, first roused him from his melancholy. He had, notwithstanding, diligently continued his poem, and had added two cantos more to the six first, when commanded to prepare to follow the cardinal to the court of France.

Before he undertook this long journey, he placed in the hands of a friend a testamentary paper. The first clause related to his works: his love verses he wished to be collected and published; those he had

written for "the service of his friends," to be destroyed, except one, beginning—

"Or che l'aura mia dolce altrove spira."

It is in truth worthy of being preserved : but was it really written for a friend ? Is it not rather one of those in which he addresses, under the name of Laura, her he dared not name ? and was it not to prevent any suspicion of the object of his aspirations that he classed it among those written for the use of his friends ? Another clause refers to the portion he had finished of his *Goffredo* ; a third proves either that he was improvident, or his patron illiberal ; it relates to some tapestry, and other effects, which he had pledged to different Jews for the trifling sums of twenty-five *liri* and thirteen *scudi*. In case of his death, he directs all his property to be sold and the money to be laid out on a monument for his father, for which he gives an inscription. Should his friend meet with any obstacles in fulfilling his wishes, he directs him to have recourse to the excellent Princess Leonora, "who," he adds, "will, I hope, lend him her aid for my sake." Thus, in this moment of serious preparation, the care of his poetical fame, his filial piety, and his reliance on the kind interest of Leonora, were the three objects that occupied his thoughts.

At the first visit which the cardinal made to the king of France, he introduced Tasso to him, saying, "This is the poet who is now engaged in celebrating Godfrey of Boulogne and the other French heroes who assisted him to conquer Jerusalem." Charles the Ninth—his name could then be pronounced without horror ; he had not as yet rendered himself unworthy of being the patron of literature, and of poetry, which he loved—Charles the Ninth received him graciously, frequently conversed with him, and always treated him with distinction. He pardoned, at his request, an unhappy poet, whom the muses thus rescued from the penalty of death, though they had not restrained him from the commission of the crime that incurred it. It is said that the king had resolved on his death, and had declared with an oath he would reject every petition that might be made on his account. Tasso, nothing daunted, presented himself before him, saying, "I come, Sire, to entreat you *not* to extend your royal clemency to the unfortunate man who has shown that human frailty cannot be overcome by the power of philosophy." The king, amused at the ingenuity with which he had contrived to evade the consequence of his vow, gave orders that the criminal's life should be spared. He would have bestowed rich presents on Tasso, say both French and Italian historians, if he had not declined his bounty. The nobles followed the example of the king, and vied with each other in their eagerness to see and converse with him.

In the midst of this court favour, can we credit the accounts that are given of his poverty ? Balzac and Guy Patin both assert that he was reduced to borrow a crown of a friend for his subsistence. Scraffi thinks it impossible that a gentleman in the suite of so rich and magnificent a cardinal could feel the want of money, or that he who had refused the presents of a king, could stoop to ask a trifle from a friend.

But Scraffi's own narrative enables us to understand this ; the favour shown to Tasso excited the envy of the courtiers. Perhaps he gave his opinion too freely on subjects which then heated every mind, and this pretext was seized upon to calumniate him. The cardinal withdrew his favour from him, stopped his pension, and even treated him with personal incivility. Less than this would have determined this highminded man to quit his service, and he asked and obtained leave to return to Italy. It is true that the expenses of his journey were defrayed by Manzuoli, the cardinal's secretary, whom he accompanied to Rome ; but, under these circumstances, it is not surprising that at the time of his departure he should find himself in urgent want of money, nor that he should prefer laying himself under this slight obligation to a friend rather than have recourse to the cardinal, who had so unjustly disgraced him.

Their separation, however, took place without any open rupture. The cardinal stood in awe of the censure or the ridicule of the court of France. Tasso wished to be received into the service of the Duke Alphonso. The mission of Manzuoli afforded a convenient opportunity of saving appearances. As the cardinal was sending his confidential secretary to Rome, it could excite no surprise that he should also send the most distinguished gentleman in his suite. They left Paris the end of December, 1570, having remained there a year.

Tasso was welcomed at Rome by his father's friends, and his acquaintance was eagerly sought by men of letters. At the same time he engaged the princess of Urbino and her sister to solicit the Duke Alphonso to nominate him one of his household. The request was granted as soon as made, and Tasso repaired to Ferrara. Alphonso expressed great pleasure at his arrival, appointed him a liberal pension, besides making arrangements for his table and accommodation. His services were entirely dispensed with, and he was able to give himself up to the composition of the poem which had been so long projected, and was now expected with impatience by the literary world.

He had hardly recommenced his work when he was interrupted by a melancholy event. The duchess of Ferrara, whose nuptials were celebrated at the time of his first coming to the court, died shortly after his return. Her death plunged the duke and all the family in affliction, and Tasso shared the general grief. He addressed to the duke a consolatory discourse, in imitation of the ancient philosophers, and composed a very eloquent funeral oration, besides some admirable verses on the same occasion.

When some time had elapsed, the duke made an excursion to Rome, and Tasso, being now more at liberty, before he resumed his great work, composed one which forms an epoch in the history of literature. Six years before, he had seen a kind of pastoral fable, divided into scenes and acts, performed in the university of Ferrara, entitled, "*Lo Sfortunato*." This piece, which was the work of Agostino degli Argenti, was afterwards printed and much applauded. Tasso himself had commended this new species of dramatic representation ; and doubtless immediately perceived the scope it would give to his genius. It is not, therefore, true, as Manso and other writers assert, that Tasso was the inventor of the pastoral drama ; but, in his *Aminta*, he perfected

what had been only attempted before, and left a model which has never been surpassed, or even equalled, in later times.

The subject, the plan, and the characters of the *Aminta* had been long arranged in his mind, and he only waited for leisure to complete it. He profited by that which the duke's absence afforded him. Devoting himself entirely to this delightful composition, he finished it in the course of two months. Alphonso, on his return, was enchanted with it, and gave orders for its representation as soon as the cardinal should arrive. The universal applause it excited considerably raised him in the duke's estimation, but, at the same time, it provoked the envy of many powerful courtiers, who now resolved on his ruin.

This is not a place to criticise this gem of modern poetry, which differs so totally in style from his epic poem, that it seems almost inconceivable they should have been composed at the same time, and by the same person. Tasso was much gratified by the success of his work, but refused to listen to any solicitations to print it. This seems to have proceeded from his unwillingness to make more public some satirical allusions to Speron Speroni, whom the duke had been induced, by Tasso's commendations, to invite to Ferrara. Being present on one occasion when Tasso recited part of his *Goffredo*, instead of joining in the praises bestowed upon it, he criticised it so severely, that Tasso lost all heart, and was on the point of abandoning the work; but, on reflection, perceiving the sophistry of the objections, suggested either by an envious disposition, or the wish to display critical acumen, he took a poetical revenge in some lines in the *Aminta*, plainly alluding to this circumstance.* His gentle nature could not long nourish feelings of resentment; he soon repented of having satirised a man who was the friend of his father, and from whom he had himself received instruction; and in a corrected copy, preserved at Ferrara, these lines are omitted. It was, probably, his intention to publish it at some future time in this form; but copies of the piece as originally written were obtained. One fell into the hands of the younger Aldo, who printed it for the first time at Venice, eight years after it had been represented at the court of Ferrara. The success it had then met with now extended throughout Italy. Editions were multiplied, and an infinite number of imitations made their appearance; but the

* Vidi Febo, e le Muse, e frà le Muse
Elpìn seder accolto; ed in quel punto
Sentii me far di me stessa maggiore,
Pièn di nuova virtù, pieno di nuova
Deitate; e cantai guerra ed eroi
Sdegnando pastoral ruvido carme.
E sebbèn poi (come altrui piacque) feci
Ritorno a queste selve, io pur ritenni
Parte di quello spirito, nè già suona
La mia sampogna umil come soleva.
Ma di voce più altera, e più sonora,
Emula della trombe, empie le selve.
Udimmi Mopso poscia, e con maligno
Guardo mirando affascinommi; ond' io
Roco divenni, e poi gran tempo tacqui:
Quando e Pastor credean ch' io fossi stato
Visto dal lupo; e 'l lupo era costui.

Pastor Fido of Guarini, and the *Filli di Sciro*, by Bonarelli, are the only two that have at all approached, and that only at an humble distance, to their admirable model. It was soon translated into French, Spanish, German, English; in short, into every European language, and in each met with the same applause. It may, therefore, be said that this little work would have immortalized him, if the *Gerusalemme Liberata* had never been written.

Lucretia, the princess of Urbino, was not present at the representation of the *Aminta*, which was now the universal theme of conversation. Her curiosity was excited, and she invited the author to Pesaro. He was rejoiced to revisit a place where he had passed two happy years of his childhood; to see again his kind protector, the duke Guidubaldo, and the prince, formerly his fellow-student, and, above all, to oblige the princess, to whom he was mostly indebted for his favour at the court of Ferrara. His reception was most gratifying; he read his *Aminta*, and several cantos of his *Goffredo*, to circles composed of all the illustrious persons in that court, who listened with enthusiasm. As summer approached, Lucretia and her spouse retired to Castel' Durante, a delightful country residence. There the prince abandoned himself to the two amusements of which he was passionately fond, hunting in the large forests, and swimming in the lakes. Lucretia being consequently left much alone, wished for Tasso's society, and he passed some months in this agreeable retirement, continually occupied with compositions in which Lucretia took great interest. She was then thirty-nine, ten years older than Tasso, and probably relied on this difference of age to silence any remarks on the favour she showed him. The young poet and the princess were, however, almost inseparable, and the authors who deny Tasso's attachment to Leonora, assert, that at this time his preference was manifestly for her sister. Scraffi quotes in favour of this opinion two sonnets, one on the hand, the other the bosom, of his mistress, which are written with a freedom he would not have dared to address to Leonora. In another, and one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, he ingeniously praises the maturity of her charms, and alludes to the bloom of youth which she had lost as no subject for regret. But this, as we shall take occasion to prove, was addressed, not to Lucretia, but to her sister.*

He returned to Ferrara, loaded with presents, jewels, and chains of gold, given him by the duke and his sons, and a costly ruby by the princess. Fortune seemed to smile upon him; but the moment

* *Nei anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa*
Sembravi Tu, che ai rai tepidi, all' ora
Non aprè 'l sen, ma nel suo verde ancora
Verginella s'asconde, e vergognosa.
O piuttosto parei (che mortale cosa
Non s'assomiglia a te) celeste Aurora
Che le campagne imperle e i monti indora.
Lúcida in ciel sereno e rugiadosa,
Or la men verde età nulla a te toglie,
Nè te, benchè negletta, in manto adorno
Giovinetta beltà vince o pareggia:
Così più vago è'l fior poi che le foglie
Spiega odorate, e'l sol nel mezzo giorno
Vie più che nel mattin, luce e fiammeggia.

approached when he was to experience her fickleness. Soon after his return, Alphonso, accompanied by a numerous suite, went to Venice to meet Henry III., who was then leaving the throne of Poland for that of France. He invited the monarch to his court at Ferrara, and entertained him magnificently. Tasso was obliged to forego the occupation of a poet for that of a courtier. The fatigue of the journey, and the excitement of these royal festivities, brought on a quartan fever, which kept him in a state of languor and suffering till the following spring. It was during his convalescence, in April, 1575, that he at last completed his poem, the fruit of so much labour, and the source of so much misery.

Before he printed it, he wished to submit it to the judgment of his most enlightened friends. He sent a copy to Scipio di Gonzaga, who was then at Rome, requesting him to read it carefully, and criticise it, and to lay it before those whose judgment and taste might be depended upon. Scipio seconded his wishes with all the zeal of friendship, and the most profound scholars, at his request, employed their skill and attention in considering it; but what was the result? they differed in their opinion as to the subject, the plan, the style, the episodes. What one considered defects, others looked upon as beauties. Tasso received their opinions with unwearied patience and docility, and either followed their counsels, or gave reasons at length for not doing so. He also consulted his friends at Ferrara, and even went to Padua for the same purpose, and returned with fresh contradictory opinions, to hesitate, correct, and defend.

The effect of this sort of occupation on the mind is directly opposite to that of composition, in which it becomes absorbed and fixed on one object. In correction, on the contrary, the mind is compelled to pass from one minutiae to another, and is distracted by being often called to attend to objects quite foreign to each other. The first produces a contemplative frame of thought, in which the poet, wrapped up in his own creative faculty, is almost inaccessible to external impressions. The second, a feverish emotion, alive to all that passes around, open to doubts, suspicions, forebodings, especially when assailed by contradictory opinions, forced to decide hastily, and rendered doubtful by the modesty that usually accompanies true genius. This was precisely the case with Tasso. He had long known he had enemies at the court, but now, for the first time, he began to fear them. Some letters he wrote to Rome were delayed on the road. They all related to his poems. He imagined that his enemies had intercepted them, in order to discover the objections started against it, and to use them against the work when it should be published. Perhaps the agitation of his mind helped to bring on an attack of illness, which, though short, was considered very alarming. Though he recovered in a few days, and resumed his work with the same industry as before, his mind seems to have received a shock of which the sad effects soon became apparent.

The conduct of the duke at this time might have calmed his fears. He showed him more than usual favour, was never weary of hearing him recite his verses, and took him with him, whenever he went to Belriguardo, a retreat in which he passed the violent summer heats.

Lucretia d'Este now become duchess of Urbino, by the death of her

father-in-law, had consented to a separation from the duke, who was considerably younger than herself, and retired to the court of her brother, Alphonso, by whom she was tenderly beloved. In her Tasso had always found a friend and a powerful protectress. She now engrossed him entirely. During an illness, he was the only person who was allowed access to her. Alphonso, against his inclination, was obliged to dispense with his company, in his excursions to Belriguardo. Lucretia required amusement during her convalescence. She kept Tasso with her, and he spent many hours each day reading his poems to her in private.

But his excited imagination impelled him to go to Rome. He wished his friends there to undertake a new and thorough revision of his poem, and was bent upon going there himself, to hear their opinions. In vain the duchess used all her influence to dissuade him; he could not rest till he had obtained Alphonso's permission. This ill-advised measure added to the suspicions which already prevailed at the court, that he proposed to withdraw from the duke's service, and gave a handle to his enemies' accusations.

His chief motive in undertaking the journey was to see his friend Scipio di Gonzaga, on whose judgment he relied, and on whose kind and active efforts in his service he had so much reason to depend. Scipio presented him to the Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, and who shortly afterwards succeeded him. Ferdinand, aware of the causes he had for being dissatisfied with his present position, hinted to him that whenever he quitted the family of Este he would gladly receive him into his, or introduce him into that of the duke, his brother.

Tasso had, in fact, entertained the idea of retiring from the service of Alphonso, and of establishing himself, if possible, independently at Rome; or if not, in some powerful family where he should be less exposed to intrigues and enmity than at Ferrara. But before he took this step, he wished to acquit himself of the obligations he owed to the family of Este, by the publication of the poem which was to immortalize them. He therefore did not attempt at this time to profit by the offers of the cardinal. He was also introduced to the cardinals, nephews of the pope, Gregory XIII., and to the general of the Church, Buoncompagno, who received him with every mark of attention and regard. But after remaining a month with his friend, and conferring with the sort of committee which Scipio had established for the final revision of his poem, he no longer delayed his return to Ferrara.

Though occupied in this manner, he did not neglect the duties of religion. One of the reasons he had assigned to Alphonso for his anxiety to go to Rome was his wish to be present at the jubilee; and, during its celebration, he scrupulously fulfilled all the appointed observances. His religious impressions, as we have seen, were strong even in childhood, and the passions of youth had not diminished his piety. He seems at this time to have experienced an increased degree of fervour. It is interesting to follow all the workings of so pure and elevated a mind; and we shall soon see him in a state which it is important to trace to its different sources.

Tasso returned to Ferrara by Sienna and Florence, being anxious

to see two towns so celebrated for arts and literature. He formed in each new friendships, and was surrounded by admirers, to whom he read parts of his poem.

The winter following, Leonora Sanvitali, the young and beautiful bride of Giulio, count of Scandiano, arrived at Ferrara, with the countess de Sala, her mother-in-law. These two princesses, equally renowned for their beauty, their talent, and their taste for poetry, formed the chief ornament of the galas at Ferrara. Tasso's complimentary verses soon obtained him access to them, and he was assiduous in his attention to the countess di Scandiano, the second of the three Leonoras to whom he is said to have been attached.

His poem being now completed, he was on the point of going to Venice to print it, when the plague broke out in that city, and forced him to defer his journey. He received, through his friend, Scipio di Gonzaga, the most pressing invitations and liberal offers from the house of Medici. On one hand, he was swayed by his attachment to Alphonso, to his sisters, perhaps to the young countess di Scandiano; on the other, by his wish for a more independent and tranquil life than he could lead at Ferrara. At this time Pigna, the historiographer of the house of Este, died, and Tasso asked and obtained the appointment. It appears from one of his letters that he calculated upon being refused, and intended to avail himself of that pretext to quit Alphonso, and attach himself to the house of Medici. However that might be, he now became more fettered than ever, and speedily repented having sought the office.

As his reputation increased, his enemies redoubled their intrigues. He had before suspected them of intercepting his letters; he had soon a proof of their perfidy. During an excursion he made to Modena, he left with one of the officers of the duke's household, who professed a friendship for him, the keys of all his apartments except that in which he kept his books and private papers. On his return, he found that this chamber had been opened, and his papers searched and examined. This, and some other similar circumstances, inspired him with melancholy, which became apparent in spite of his efforts to conceal it. The Princess Leonora, in the hope of dissipating it, took him with her to a villa on the banks of the Po, at some distance from Ferrara. Though the excursion only lasted eleven days, this short period of peaceful happiness restored his serenity, and he eagerly applied himself to the few corrections he had still to make in his poem, especially to some important additions to the charming episode of "*Herminia*," which then received the high degree of finish for which it is remarkable.

On his return, another Leonora again became the object of his poetical homage. The countess di Scandiano, though described as virtuous as she was beautiful, could not be insensible to the attentions and the poetry of Tasso. She displayed her preference in a manner that increased the envy of which he was already the object. The celebrated Baptiste Guarini was one of those who had experienced it in secret, and could now no longer conceal his feelings. He had been one of his most intimate friends; but to rivalry in poetry, was now added rivalry in love, and Tasso eclipsed him in both. He could not

endure to witness the estimation in which he was held by the two princesses and the beautiful stranger. Some severe sonnets were produced on both sides. It is said that this jealousy gave rise to the composition of the "Pastor Fido," too beautiful a production, one would have thought, to have originated in so base a source.

About this time an adventure happened, which is differently related by Manzo and Scraasi. According to the first, Tasso had confided all his secrets, even that of his love, to a pretended friend, who, either from indiscretion or malignity, repeated one of the most confidential of these communications. Tasso, on being made acquainted with this, sought him instantly in one of the ducal halls, and gave him a blow. Not daring to draw his sword on the spot, his adversary retired, and sent a challenge to Tasso, which he accepted, and having repaired to the appointed place, the duel was scarcely commenced, when two of his enemy's brothers attacked him at the same moment.

Scraasi relates, that Tasso, having received proofs of the treachery of a pretended friend in a matter of much delicacy, accosted him in the palace, and wished to enter into an explanation with him. His false friend, instead of excusing himself, replied insolently, and even gave the lie to Tasso, who resented the indignity by a blow on the face. His opponent, cowardly as insolent, retired without another word; but, some days afterwards, being in company with his two brothers, he saw Tasso pass in the open street. They all three attacked him from behind at the same instant. Tasso had both the skill and courage of a cavalier. He turned, drew his sword, and put the three assassins to flight, and they all hastily made their escape from Ferrara.

It is not true, as Manso has said, that he wounded two of them, nor that the duke caused him to be arrested under pretext of protecting him from a fresh attack, and that this unjust detention produced the disorder in his mind which soon manifested itself. Tasso's wrongs were but too real; but we must neither exaggerate them or anticipate their date; and his own letters prove, that, on this occasion, Alphonso evinced increased regard and esteem for him. It follows that, if the secret betrayed related to love at all, neither Leonora, nor any of the family of the duke, were compromised.

This affair was much talked of, and celebrated in a dull couplet, which was sung through the city of Ferrara—

*"Con la penna e con la spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato."*

Tasso appeared little affected by this occurrence. He only required of the duke the satisfaction he had a right to expect, and he spoke of his adversary, in his letters, as a coward and a traitor. Another circumstance disturbed him much more. He received certain intelligence that a surreptitious edition of his poem was printing in some Italian city. We may conceive the fears and agitation which this information excited in his mind. Not only would he be prevented from bringing his poem to the perfection he desired, but he saw the fruits of years of labour, and the means of obtaining the independence for which he sighed, on the point of being snatched from him. He implored the duke to interfere, who immediately wrote, with much solicitude, to the duke of Parma, the republic of Genoa, and even to the Pope, to prevail

on them to prohibit the publication of any edition of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" in their states, unless authorized by Tasso himself.

His melancholy increased daily, and some other subjects concurred to give him uneasiness. A letter from Rome gave him cause to fear a coolness on the part of his best friend, Scipio di Gonzaga. Horace Ariosto, nephew to the great poet, had addressed him in some stanzas so highly panegyrical, that he imagined they were intended as a snare to his vanity, and concealed some purpose of injuring him. His enemies found means to corrupt his servants, or to persuade him that they were faithless, and at length he gave way to the imagination that he had been accused to the duke, and denounced to the inquisition.

The following account is taken from Scraasi, who gives it with a simplicity that proves his sincerity. Tasso, as he afterwards confessed, being accustomed to employ his mind on the subtleties of the ancient philosophers, had experienced some doubts on the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God. He felt uncertain whether God had created the world, or whether it only depended upon him from eternity; and, finally, whether he had or had not endowed man with an immortal soul. It is true he had never voluntarily given way to these doubts, but the fear of being wanting in orthodoxy agitated him so much that he went to Bologna to present himself to the inquisitor. He returned satisfied, and furnished with instructions tending to strengthen his faith. But he dreaded that he might have let fall some expressions before persons who were on the watch to injure him, which might cast a doubt on the soundness of his religious opinions. He persuaded himself they would use the power this put into their hands for his ruin, and to all his other terrors he added that of being poisoned or assassinated. His imagination became so heated, that he could speak of nothing else, and it was impossible to persuade or calm him. The duke, the lady Leonora, and the duchess d'Urbino, did all they could to quiet these vain fears, but their efforts were fruitless.

One evening, in the apartments of the duchess, he drew a knife to strike one of his domestics whom he suspected. The duke immediately gave orders that he should be confined in one of the small rooms that surround the court of the palace. It is said this was to prevent any danger, and to induce him to allow himself to be properly attended to, and not as a punishment. This might be the case, but the same effects might surely have been produced by more gentle means. His imprisonment completed his dismay. He wrote the most supplicating letters that he might be restored to liberty. The duke was at last softened, and allowed him to return to his own apartments; he only insisted on his being attended by the best physicians; their treatment appeared to succeed. Alphonso, to efface the recollection of his harshness, took him to Belriguardo, and neglected nothing that could console and amuse his mind. But he was so well aware of the source of his greatest disturbance, that before they left Ferrara, he caused Tasso to present himself before the holy tribunal, where he was carefully examined on the subject that occasioned him uneasiness. The inquisitor, who perceived that his doubts were only caused by a disturbed imagination, treated him with kindness, certified that he was a good catholic, and

declared him free and absolved from all suspicion. The duke, on his part, gave him the strongest assurances that he did not entertain the least displeasure against him; that he was assured of his fidelity, and that if he had ever committed any fault in his service he forgave him with all his heart.

In spite of all these assurances, and in the midst of the amusements of Belriguardo, Tasso began to argue in the most extraordinary manner on the decision of the inquisitor, maintaining that it was not valid, and that he was not properly absolved, because the ordinary and prescribed forms had not been observed. He imagined, too, that the duke was more prejudiced against him than he would allow, and on these two topics, but especially the first, he reasoned in a manner that was distressing to hear. Alphonso, therefore, determined to send him back to Ferrara, and Tasso having expressed a wish to be placed with the Franciscans, he was conveyed thither, and recommended by the duke to their attention and kindness. His first care was to draw up a petition to the cardinals who composed the supreme tribunal of the inquisition at Rome, stating his doubts on the validity of the decision of Ferrara, and requesting permission to present himself before them, and thus to redeem his honour, and obtain repose. He wrote to the same effect to Scipio di Gonzaga. Notwithstanding all his precautions, these letters were intercepted, and at this time it was well for him that they were.

He submitted to medical treatment, however, but reluctantly, and in constant fear that poison would be mixed with his medicines. His great source of disquietude was still the fear of not having been fully acquitted by the inquisition. He wrote incessantly to the duke, and at last exhausted his patience. In one of his letters he confessed that he had suspected the prince, and had talked openly of his suspicions; that this was a sign of madness, he admitted; but he protested that he was less mad than the duke was deceived. Alphonso, offended with this, and some expressions that appeared to him too familiar, not only ceased to reply to him, but strictly forbade him to write either to himself or the princess d'Urbino. This increased his agitation and terrors; he seized a moment when left alone, and escaped from the convent, and soon afterwards from Ferrara. He left this city, where his name was so honoured, the court in which his talents excited so much admiration, where he was, perhaps, the object of more tender feelings, and where his favour had caused so much envy, at night, without money, without a guide, almost without clothes, but, above all, without his manuscripts, without a copy of his "*Goffredo*," his "*Aminta*," or any of his other poems, content to escape with life from the perils with which he fancied himself surrounded.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, &c. Nos. I.—IX.
London : Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH sufficient progress has not yet been made in this, Mr. Dickens' present work, to enable us at all to guess at the probable conduct of the story, or the destiny of its personages, we have had enough to warrant us in forming some judgment on its merits. These are very considerable; indeed, far above any that were to be found in *Barnaby Rudge*, and not a whit behind those of Mr. Dickens' other tales. The characters of the Misses Pecksniff, of Mr. Tigg, of Martin Chuzzlewit, and of Mark Tapley, are all admirable in their way; though the last is the only one—of those, at least, of whom we see much—that relieves the dreariness of such an assemblage of base and heartless people as Mr. Dickens has thought proper to introduce to our acquaintance. To do him justice, however, he has always hitherto brought us, sooner or later, into the company of loveable people; and therefore we look forward to by and by finding Mr. Tapley relieved from his solitude in goodness. Mr. Pinch might serve that purpose; but, though obviously a great favourite with the author, we cannot think his character a happy conception. Such gullibility as his is altogether incompatible with the intellectual power and accomplishments which he is described as possessing; for, although goodness be ready enough to believe in the pretence to goodness, intellect and information cannot be similarly misled, as regards a similar pretence to them. Such a man as Pinch could not have lived for years with such a man as Pecksniff without discovering him to be an ignorant quack; for the perception or non-perception of that could not have depended on temper. It must have been a fact too daily obvious to admit of his shutting his eyes to it.

The most humorous portions of the tale, as far as it has yet gone, are the scenes at Todgers's, and in America. The former display all that power with which the author usually works up his pictures of what is at once most pretending and least estimable in the lower regions of the middling classes. It is from the latter, however, that the work will take its character. Nothing can well be more odious than our author's pictures of men and manners in the United States; and we cannot help suspecting that nothing can well be more true, though we rejoice to know that is not the whole truth. Indeed, Mr. Dickens admits as much himself; admits that there are people in America as unlike his Colonel Divers and Jefferson Briks, as the most fastidious aristocrat on this side of the Channel could possibly be; and such it has been our happiness to fall in with. That it would be well for America were they more in number, and possessed of the weight to which their intelligence and character entitle them, is assuredly true; and that being so, we have a right to dwell on the baser many, who, standing between them and their true position, are the bane and disgrace of their nation. Whether it is wise, or ever

justifiable, in Mr. Dickens, to deal forth, at present, such exasperating wounds as these pictures of his must necessarily be, is another question, and one which can be answered only by the event.

To one point, however, we are anxious to call attention. Nothing is more complete, surely, than the extinction of the American party among English politicians. The causes, indeed, of such extinction are obvious enough, and on them we need not dwell; all that we wish noticed is, that whereas twelve years ago English radicalism was enamoured of the American character and American institutions, all such enthusiasm for the other side of the Atlantic seems now to have disappeared from within our borders. But has all friendship gone with it? Far from it. They who will look in the pages, not of the Radical Mr. Dickens, but of the Tory *Christian Remembrancer*, will find that when all political sympathy has failed, there remains yet an affectionate concern for each other, between such Englishmen and such Americans as feel that they belong to one Church; that the brotherhood involved in that gets the better of a thousand prejudices; and that an English and an American Churchman, when they fall together, feel that they have in common all that is most precious to each. Nor do such find any material difference between the one and the other in respect of manners and refinement. Such American prelates and clergy as we have recently seen, have been men as high bred as any European court could have produced. More might be added on this subject; but what we have said is enough to suggest serious reflections on both sides of the Atlantic. The Church may prove the basis of national friendship when every element of political alliance shall have been blown to the winds; and all unestablished though she be, America no less than England may discover that she is the main stay, the constitutive and conservative principle, the very life and soul of the nation.

Two Treatises on the Church: the first by THOMAS JACKSON, D.D. *the second by* ROBERT SANDERSON, D.D. *formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln; to which is added, a Letter of* BISHOP COSIN, &c. *Edited, with Introductory Remarks, by* WILLIAM GOODE, M.A. &c. London: Hatchards.

WE never shall do otherwise than thank those who render any portions of the thoughtful and rich theology of other days more generally accessible than they had previously been; and therefore are we grateful to Mr. Goode for the present reprint. His introductory remarks are not much to our mind, being both needlessly angry, and more than a little unfair. We cannot feel implicated in any charges which Mr. Goode may substantiate against the *Catenæ Patrum*, which are to be found in the Oxford Tracts, but we honestly own our inability to see what, in this instance, he has substantiated. If we remember aright the documents in question, they were each testimonies of high authorities in favour of some one specific point—the Apostolical succession, the rule of Vincent, and the like. We have no recollection of its ever being pretended by the compilers that all the writers cited in the *Catenæ* coincided with every sentiment they might themselves have advocated in the Tracts or elsewhere. The pretence would have

been too absurd even for minds that would not have recoiled from its dishonesty. We may refer Mr. Goode to the Clarendon edition of Hooker to satisfy him how far Mr. Keble is from making it. In his able and admirable preface to that edition, he distinctly admits that the first generation of high-Church divines did not complete the scheme of their successors; nor do we imagine that he was ignorant of what, not being ignorant of it, he certainly would never have denied, that among those successors all were not equally exclusive in their opinions of the channel of ordination.

Again, when Mr. Goode speaks as follows—

"The favourite phraseology now is, that it is through our union with the visible Church, that we become united to Christ, and that all grace is derived to us through the Church. Dr. Jackson's language is, that the Church 'is a true and real body, consisting of many parts, all really, though mystically and spiritually, united into one Head; and by their real union with one Head, all are truly and really united amongst themselves.' 'Every one is so far a member of Christ's Church, as he is a member of Christ's body.'

"The difference is of no little importance. In the Tractarian view the prime question is, What constitutes a man a member of the Church? In Dr. Jackson's, What unites a man to Christ, and constitutes him a member of Christ's body? According to Tractarian notions, a man becomes united to Christ only by becoming a member of the Church. According to Dr. Jackson, a man becomes a true and real member of the Church only by being united to Christ."

he is surely very unfair. He cannot be so ignorant as to imagine that the question he here raises is one between himself, Jackson, or any other, and the *Tractarian*. He ought to know, if he does not, that there have been, and that there are, many upon whom he has no right to confer that appellation, who would, on the whole, accept the statement which he denounces; not, perhaps, in the bald, crude way in which he has presented it, but in this sense, that the Church is not a mere general term for the multitude of believers, but a divinely-endowed society, holy in essential constitution and character, whatever be her members at any given time, and exercising a formative power over them, rather than they over her. In truth, this is a large, grave question, which, in one shape or other, is always rising up among men; and it is to be profitably discussed, not by giving each other nicknames, or by hinting at dark suspicions, or by trying to aggravate an alienation between brethren already far too great, but by the wisdom of brotherly love exercising itself in meditation and prayer.

Finally, has not Mr. Goode dealt with reckless cruelty by the memory of the departed, in his citations from Panzani's accounts of his progress and prospects in England? He admits that Montague, probably, was deceived by his wishes in his estimate of his brethren. May not Panzani have had, at least, equal inducements for misrepresenting even Montague? An agent would, probably, wish to be considered as successful as the facts could, by any possibility, make him out to be. To implicate Laud and his school in the charges insinuated by this reference to Panzani, (and if not to implicate them, for what conceivable purpose was it made?) is a proceeding of which, happily, the unfairness is only equalled by the extreme absurdity. Rome knew better what was in the author of the Conference with Fisher than to be very sanguine of gaining him, or any much influenced by him.

Hymns for the Young; a Second Series of Hymns for Children. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. London: Burns. 1843.

SACRED verses are, indeed, a perilous adventure ; in none do more people make shipwreck, and in none is a shipwreck more to be dreaded. Has Mr. Neale split upon any of the numerous rocks in his way? We cannot say that he has. There is nothing in the little collection of hymns before us that one wishes had not been written ; nothing that is rescued from insignificance only to be rendered offensive by its connexion with religion. The tone of his hymns is devout and reverent ; their thoughts are graceful and just, and their *structure*, so to speak, very like that of the ancient metrical devotion. As was the case in the latter, so here, each hymn winds up with a reference, if not always a doxology, to the Eternal Trinity—a catholic feature, to which we recommend the attention of all who purpose writing hymns in any degree congregational, or liturgic.

We doubt whether Mr. Neale has kept within the range of children's understanding ; but, perhaps, he has gone somewhat above it on principle, a point on which, as our readers know, we are not likely to quarrel with him. A worse charge against him is, a want of music in his verse, a serious deficiency in any metrical compositions, and especially in such as are designed for the young, in whom the enjoyment to the ear bears a very large proportion to their whole enjoyment in poetry. And, perhaps, we may venture on a doubt how far Mr. Neale is endowed for his present task beyond fine feelings, taste, temper, and principles. We are not quite sure as to the validity of his call to serve the muses in this way. Still we thank him for what he has done, and, amid much which we desiderate, have great pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the following specimens of his powers, of which they may thereby be led, perhaps, to form a higher estimate than we have been able to do :—

CONFIRMATION.

ACTS VIII. 15, 16.

Blessed Saviour, who hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone ;
All these years Thy Hand hath brought me
Since I first was made Thine own ;
Safely brought me, though so often
I have wander'd from Thy fold ;
Striving thus my heart to soften,
And as Thou wouldst have it, mould.

Others vow'd and promis'd for me
That Thy law I should obey ;
They have warn'd me, sorrowing o'er me,
When I wander'd from Thy way :
But Thy holy Church commandeth
Me myself to take that vow ;
And Thy faithful Bishop standeth
Waiting to receive it now.

Many foes will straight assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I ;
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know, before I die ;

Keep me from mine own undoing ;
Let me turn to Thee when tried :
Faint, if needs, yet still pursuing,
Never venturing from Thy side.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm ;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
O my only Guard from harm !
Meet me now with Thy Salvation,
In Thy Church's ordered way ;
Let me feel Thy Confirmation
In Thy Truth and Fear to-day :

So that might and wisdom gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and evermore remaining
In the Catholic Belief ;
Resting in my SAVIOUR'S Merit,
Strengthen'd with the SPIRIT'S strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my FATHER'S joy at length !

"An Order of Morning and Evening Prayer for the Use of Schools," (Burns,) extracted from the Prayer-Book, will be found useful. It is got up, too, in a convenient and attractive form.

"How shall I understand the Bible, &c." (Burns,) is a tract on the value and use of Tradition. From our own experience,—and that of our readers will bear it out,—since all theological questions are ultimately landed in this question, we have long felt the need of a plain and short statement of Church doctrines upon it: and the lack is in the present tract adequately supplied; should its outline seem hard, we must remember that the times are captious and querulous.

And probably it is from a half-defined feeling, that prayer, under present circumstances, will prove a stronger weapon than controversy, that we especially recommend, from the same publisher, "An Act of Humiliation for Prevailing National and Parochial Sins." It is cheering to find that these beautiful devotions are "used in the author's parish in private by communicants early on Friday mornings." Bishop Andrewes is the author's model, and one richer and more suitable to present needs it were impossible to select.

"Devotions for the Sick Room," (Burns,) is a sequel to "The Companion for the Sick Room," which was lately announced; composed originally for the benefit of the patients of the (*medical*) Editor, we can safely state that we are acquainted with no single manual of the doctrine and practice of the higher christian graces, more acceptable for the use of a *clergyman's* patients. Notorious as are the deficiencies of a high religious practice which a sick room exposes, the lamentable ignorance in christian doctrine which the clergy find in it, is, if possible, even more appalling.

"The Two Kingdoms," (Seeley and Burnside,) is an allegory of some merit. There are features in its theology which we think very unsound, but one of the principal ideas is by no means unimportant, that Christians are not to be contented with an entrance into their Master's Kingdom, but are to labour after an *abundant* one. The late Mr. Irving somewhere described the so-called Evangelical preaching around him, as a continual keeping *on the edge* of Christ's fold and the world; and without entering on questions as to where that edge lies, or when and how it is generally crossed, we must pronounce the incessant harping on the mere transition from danger and wrath, to a justified state in Christ, to merit his strictures.

An interesting number of the "*Ecclesiologist*" has just appeared, in which we desire especially to direct attention to an able paper on Organs and Choral Music. We observe that the writer alludes to several publications as having given an impulse to the study of Ecclesiastical Music. We cannot help mentioning, however, our own conviction, that the papers on that subject, which appeared in the volumes of the "*Christian Remembrancer*" for 1841, were among the most efficient—as they certainly were among the earliest—aids to the revival of this branch of ecclesiastical art, in the English Church.

"The Statutes of the Fourth General Council of Lateran, &c." by the Rev. J. Evans, M.A. (Seeley,) is an interesting and erudite discussion of no unimportant question, the authenticity of the Canons of that Council, a question which Mr. Evans decides in the affirmative.

We see little to censure in what we have read of "The Patriarch; or, Oral Tradition; and other Poems," by the Rev. Richard Gascoyne, (Hatchards,) though we strongly suspect the author might find better things to do than writing verses on religious subjects.

We cannot see how young men are to be the better for No. 43 of "The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts" (Clark, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London). It consists of a little work, entitled, "Sketches of Modern Philosophy, especially among the Germans," by J. Murdoch, D.D., of whom we gather from these pages that he is an American writer. The book seems to us much more likely to produce smatterers than anything else; nevertheless, its account of the state of philosophy among the American Unitarians will repay perusal.

We warmly recommend a little treatise which has just appeared, bearing the title, "What is the Church of Christ?" (Rivingtons.) We have seen nothing on the subject which either exhibits so much depth of thought, or contains so much truth within the compass. It is thoroughly adapted to the lay readers of the upper or middling classes, to whom we especially commend our author's distinction between a *class* and a *society*, which he illustrates very happily, and which meets some of the prevalent fallacies on the subject of the Church.

"The Three Questions, What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" (Macmillan,) are a fresh contribution to our stock of *evidences*; a stock already too large. Religion, we can assure this well-meaning and right-minded author, the force of some of whose observations we acknowledge, does not gain by being thus incessantly apologised for. What part of the work is not taken up with evidences consists of practical considerations set before the sceptic.

We call attention to two excellent Tracts, one, (a Cover as well as a Tract,) entitled "Reasons for Daily Service;" the other, "A Few Plain Reasons why Churchmen ought to keep the Festivals and Fasts of the Church." (Burns.)

Archdeacon R. Wilberforce's recent Charge, (York, Sunter,) is so interesting and important, that we should have liked to see a London as well as a provincial publisher's name on the title page.

We need scarcely call attention to Dr. Hook's beautiful and seasonable sermon, "Mutual Forbearance recommended in Things Indifferent," (Rivingtons.) We have also to announce "Acceptable Sacrifices," by Mr. Gresley, with a preface by Mr. Watson, of Cheltenham, in whose church the sermon was preached, (Burns;) "The Liturgy, a Bond of Brotherhood," preached in All Souls' Church, Langham-place, by the Bishop of Glasgow, (Burns;) "The Church itself the True Church Union Society," by Mr. Dodsworth, (Burns;) and "The Coming of Christ," by the Rev. William Henn, M.A. Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, (Grant and Bolton, Dublin; Burns, London,) a favourable specimen, we may mention, of the theology of the sister island and Church.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.]

ON THE TENDENCY OF MR. CARLYLE'S WRITINGS.

; To the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

MY DEAR SIR—The Reviewer of Mr. Carlyle's *Hero Worship*, in your number for August, complains that the author whom he denounces is read by many Churchmen, because they hope that his voice will, in some way or other, "swell the battle-cry of the Church." This hope he tells us is fallacious: Mr. Carlyle's shout is the shout of an enemy; as such it is hailed by dissenters and liberals. Surely we ought to silence it, if we can; not to listen to it, or be pleased by it.

Sir, I am a reader of Mr. Carlyle's works, and I think that I am under very deep obligations to them; I hope, also, that I am a Churchman; but I quite agree with your contributor, that if I, or any man, have studied these books from a notion that they would swell the battle-cry of the Church, our motive has been a very indifferent one, and our reward will be disappointment. I am aware that Mr. Carlyle's works afford some temptation to the feelings which the reviewer attributes to us and our opponents. He indulges in many bitter censures upon Churchmen—these may be read with infinite delight by liberals; he indulges in many bitter censures upon liberals—these may be read with infinite delight by Churchmen. He has written a number of passages which seem to indicate that he regards ecclesiastical institutions with as much respect as his countryman, Mr. Joseph Hume; he has written others, from which it might be gathered that he entertains an affection for them like that of Mr. Newman, or Mr. Kenelm Digby. One party has only to term the latter the unaccountable inconsistencies of an ingenious thinker, the other to welcome them as glorious concessions from one who was led by his education to curse, and had been forced by his honesty to bless: and Mr. Carlyle has a class of admirers from each. What is either party the better for its admiration? I grant you, nothing whatever. It only gets another vote in favour of resolutions which it had carried by acclamation already; it only acquires a new stock of self-complacency and dislike to its opponents, with both of which articles the market was already glutted.

I do not know how it may be with liberals, but it seems to me, sir, that a Churchman may act upon a principle very different from this; nay, as nearly as possible the opposite of it. Judging from his professions, one would not suppose that he would be always on the search for that which is pleasing or flattering to himself; for that which would make him easy, or comfortable and contented. One would fancy that he would have learnt to regard that which is painful and mortifying as exceedingly profitable, and, with his better mind, to welcome it. Sharp reproofs must be prized, one would think, by him, if they are by no one else; he may often say, "I do not like this, it frets me and torments me;" but he would not dare to say, "Therefore, as a Churchman, I feel it my duty to reject it, and turn away from it;"

rather he would say, "There is a presumption in its favour, *cæteris paribus*, this is the thing I ought to choose." If it be asked why we do not, upon this principle, love all the attacks which are made upon us in radical or dissenting journals, my answer is, The main reason for not loving them is, that they are not really attacks upon us, but rather excuses and apologies for us. Most of them say, in terms, "We do not attack these poor, innocent, and well-meaning clergymen, we only abuse the principles which they are supporting, the body to which they belong; apart from these they are well-behaved, even useful, members of society." These are evidently apologies; circumstances have made us the poor creatures we are—the worst of these circumstances is, the Church itself. I hope we do all honestly, and from our hearts, hate the men who use such language as this, because they utter what we know to be lies; because they treat that which is innocent as guilty, and that which is guilty as innocent. But such feelings do not the least bind us to hate those who abuse us in a real, manly way; those who abuse us, not for suffering our high virtues to be dwarfed by connecting them with that which is in itself vile and contemptible, but who tell us that the Church was good and glorious till we had to do with it, and that we have made it ignominious. This is, at all events, plain, straightforward language; there is no shuffling in it; there is no doubt whether it is directed against some abstract notion, or against persons. If our consciences say "Not guilty" to it, well and good; then they must be glad that they were put upon their trial; if they confess their sin, they must be glad, too, for what can be worse than keeping it within us unconfessed?

Now it seems to me, sir, that Mr. Carlyle's attacks upon us are of this character: he likes the Church in the middle ages dearly; he has not the slightest respect for the Church in his own day. Yet he does not prefer the one because it was unreformed, or dislike the other because it is Protestant; he looks upon Knox and Luther as heroes and deliverers; he has an intense hatred, hereditary and personal, to Romanism. The reason is, then, that he thinks our forefathers were better and truer men than we are, even under circumstances on the whole less advantageous. I am aware that he sometimes seems to use different language from this; that he talks of the thing which they believed, in being sound and true in their day, and being worn out in ours. I know, also, that he often imputes virtues to Churchmen and statesmen of the middle ages, which they did not possess, and conceals the evidence that they had the same class of vices as ourselves, even when that evidence is contained in the documents to which he appeals.* But, if we look a little closer, we shall find that these very facts only show that Mr. Carlyle does mean something, and something very true, against us. Our own selves granted that the middle ages did not realize the Church ideal as he would pretend they did, but they acknowledged the ideal; they felt it; and it is from our not feeling it, not showing it forth in our lives, but rather merely talking and debating about it, that he concludes the thing has ceased to be,

* For instance, he has unaccountably passed over an awkward story respecting a certain fish-pool belonging to Abbot Samson, (the middle-age hero of his late fables,) which fish-pool the abbot permitted to deluge the meadows of neighbouring farmers, in spite of their repeated remonstrances, much as any preservers in our day might have done.

and that what remains is only a sham and counterfeit. Do I think so? God forbid; I believe that the forms which he declares to be dead are witnesses that there is a mind of God which is permanent and everlasting, amidst all the varieties and inconsistencies of human faith and feeling; not dead, but witnesses against our death; witnesses alike against those who say that everything is true only as man makes it true, and against those whose own lives are untrue, even while they acknowledge these testimonies, and profess to receive these helps. But Mr. Carlyle's words only tell the more bitterly upon me because I have these convictions; for we have caused that an earnest man—one who really loves the idea of the Church—should believe that what we feel and know to be everlasting belonged only to an age which has passed away. What greater offence could we have committed? what more salutary, though more painful, than to have our offence brought home to us?

It seems to me that he has done us an equally good service, by warning us that we shall not recover what we admire in past times, by reproducing the costume and habit of past times; I say, a good service, because I fear we are many of us inclined to fall into this notion, and because I cannot conceive one more at variance with the truth which we profess, or more in accordance with that which is false in Mr. Carlyle. He thinks the Church was alive in the middle ages, and is not alive now. We say it is a kingdom which shall have no end; but do we not practically admit its limitation to one, when we acknowledge that only the circumstances of one age can agree with it, and that we must fetch back those circumstances in order to keep it in health, or to restore its suspended animation? What, sir, did our Lord establish his Church, its sacraments, and its ministry, with no foresight of the changes which should take place in the world of which he is the author and ruler? Did he mean that they should be fit only for dainty times and a regulated atmosphere? Did he not mean that they should dwell in all times and create their own atmosphere? And are we to stand wailing and puling because a middle class has grown up among us; because the age of chivalry has departed; because the days of working men have begun? Are we to repine against Providence for these arrangements in the same breath with which we boast of our piety and reverence, and talk about the permanence of the Church? Are we to sigh and cry because opinion and conventions will soon be no protection to ecclesiastical ordinances; nay, very soon will be no protection to domestic life, to marriage, to any one moral principle or practice? No; if God wills that these should depart, let us not wish that we could preserve them. Let us rejoice, though with trembling, for ourselves and for others, that the time is come when we cannot rest on these weak defences—when all human life and human institutions, all morality, must ground themselves upon an eternal truth and mystery, or must be left to perish; when the question will be between faith in a Living Being, or universal selfishness and anarchy.

He who shows us that this is the issue to which things are tending may be called an enemy of the Church; he may even fancy himself an enemy of it; he may lead some to become enemies who were ready to be so before; but he is, in the truest sense, our friend, and I maintain that Churchmen have a right to make use of his friendship. Now,

no writer of the day, in this sense, has been so truly our friend as Mr. Carlyle; no one has given us so much help, if we will use it, in understanding what kind of battle we have to fight, what manner of time we have fallen upon, what are its wants and cries, what abysses lie beneath our feet. That his *History of the French Revolution*, his *Chartism*, and his *Past and Present*, make out a very bad case for Churchmen, as to their actual doings, I admit; they can raise no battle-cry of favour on that ground; but if there be any books in English literature which prove that unless there be a Divine order—a heavenly society—in the world, it must become an anarchy and a devilish society, they are these. Your reviewer may say that he knew that before: perhaps he did, and perhaps he may not need to have the fact impressed more deeply upon him by the evidence of history, and of those who have studied it in an earnest and impartial spirit; but there are some of us who feel that they want the help which he can dispense with; some of us who are conscious of a continual tendency to be trifling, in the midst of the most tremendous realities, and who do not find that clever Church novels, or clever newspaper articles, are at all sufficient to check this tendency. Such unfortunates, of whom I acknowledge myself to be one, are deeply grateful to any author, who does not merely echo back to them their own notions and opinions, who forces them to listen rather to the awful echoes of the Divine voice in the actual events of the world, and the doings of men; who frightens them out of the lethargy and stupefaction of customary convictions, and shows them that they must learn to mean what they say, and must strive to act as they mean.

But your reviewer will tell me, that there is in Mr. Carlyle a positive leaven of Pantheism. Sir, I believe there is in all of us, in your contributor, and in me, a great leaven of Pantheism, which often hides itself under decorous church-sounding phrases. If he will show me where it lurks in me, and how I may rid myself of it, I shall be grateful to him; and if he will help me to deepen in myself that conviction which is the antagonist one to Pantheism, and the corrector of it—the belief in a personal God, in an actual Living Judge, in a Being who is not one with the world, but its author—my obligations to him will be infinite. To Mr. Carlyle I owe much for driving this last thought home to me, often by strange, always by stern and effectual, methods. That evil must bring forth evil; that there is an eternal difference between right and wrong; that the world was not made by an evil spirit, but by one in whom might and right are eternally and necessarily coincident; that all evil is the counterfeit of something good; these are truths which are continually repeated in his pages, and which only make themselves the more felt from the struggle which they are maintaining with other notions seemingly more universal—really, I believe, far narrower; seemingly more dear to the writer—actually, I believe, only floating on the surface of his mind. That it is easy to adopt these notions, as if they were especially and characteristically Mr. Carlyle's, I acknowledge: it is always easier to take off the scum of a book, than to enter into its spirit; always easier to observe that which either harmonizes with our own theories, or contradicts them, than to receive those practical lessons which might serve for our help and our correction. I doubt not that some may have suffered a certain amount of moral loss from the passages

in his works which embody these notions; that is to say, they may have been led by them entirely to abandon certain loose, fragile sentiments, or rather sensations, which were the relics of truths they had learned in their nursery, and which habitual worldliness and insincerity had already reduced to mere shadows. I doubt not, again, that some honest persons have been frightened from reading him by such passages; but I believe that if they had read humbly and honestly they would have found the antidote in himself; the more they appreciated his manliness and truthfulness, the less they would have been affected by his vagueness and bluster; the more they learnt from him to hate all affectation, and cant, and incoherency of every kind, the less harm they would have received from his own.

Your reviewer's remarks on Mr. Carlyle generally are derived from his book on Hero-worship. I willingly grant, that, if his object was to make out a case against the writer whom he undertook to criticise, he has chosen his example well. That which is objectionable in this book lies on the surface. Ordinary readers do not trouble themselves to inquire whether there is anything beneath which is sound and healthy. I do not, indeed, suppose that your reviewer's complaints of the principle of the book, as not new, and the book itself not logical, can much affect even the most inconsiderate. It professes to illustrate one of the oldest and most acknowledged principles in human nature. It is Mr. Carlyle's boast, and his greatest honour, that he dares to bring out the life and meaning of common-place, instead of for ever seeking, like diners-out and journalists, some new thing. And, somehow, one is affected by sundry influences which one does not well know how to divide into categoricals and hypotheticals, by bright sunsets and churchyards, and the faces of children. It may be very wrong to be overcome by anything but a syllogism. Various persons have put in their protest against the weakness, in other days, and in our own; but it has continued, and will continue till the present race of human beings is superseded by one manufactured according to the maxims of Mr. Bentham. But there are other indications in the work which apparently afford a much more just ground of complaint. A writer who speaks of Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau, as heroes, seems, *prima facie*, guilty of a rude insult to the feelings and judgment of his readers. Your reviewer thinks that the evidence of his guilt is increased, not diminished, by the fact that he has joined with these other names, such as that of Dante, with which it is proper and catholic to have sympathy; for he argues, that the quality in the good men which calls forth Mr. Carlyle's admiration must be one which they have in common with the evil men—must be, therefore, itself evil, something which detracts from the worth and completeness of their characters: and, by an ingenious analytical process, he arrives at the conclusion, that the essentially-heroical element, according to Mr. Carlyle, is a radical contempt and defiance of authority. How very satisfactory this conclusion will appear to those who read the review, and who do not read the book reviewed, I can well understand. What can be so satisfactory as an elaborate analysis, leading to a definite, tangible, and, what is still more delightful, a documentary result? Those who do read the book will be tempted to ask themselves whether the reviewer's determination as to what Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the

heroical *must be*, or his own declaration of what it is, has most claim to attention and belief; for it so happens that the two statements entirely disagree. Mr. Carlyle says that, in his judgment, (I quote from memory, not having the book at hand,) a hero is one who *looks straight into the face of things, is not content with second-hand reports of them, and does not submit to receive semblance for realities.* This quality, not radical defiance of authority, he discovers, in different measure, in all the men of whom he speaks; to this he attributes the power which they exercised and the reverence which they commanded. Now, sir, I believe it will not be denied that Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau did, in their respective ages, exercise a considerable influence; so considerable that the name of the first is inseparably associated with a system of religion which has lasted 1200 years; of the second, with a civil war which has affected the political and religious life of England ever since; of the third, with a revolution which forms the most memorable of all the epochs in European history. Granted, that there was in them a radical defiance of authority; granted, that there was in them a leaven of imposture, of hypocrisy, of sentimental libertinism, of any other evil quality you please, does this explain the secret of their power? I believe it explains the secret of their weakness; I believe that there is a weakness in the results of their proceedings requiring to be accounted for, and that in one of these ways, or in some similar way, it may be accounted for. But the strength requires to be accounted for, too; and I do maintain that the indignation which Mr. Carlyle expresses against those who refer this to an evil, and not to a good, origin, is a just, a moral, a godly indignation. I do not think that there is anything which has so perplexed history, which has been so much at once the fruit and the cause of infidelity, as the opposite notion; or one which it is so much the duty of every christian man who seeks to read history, under the teaching of the Divine Spirit, manfully, and in every form, to encounter. The doctrine of Mr. Carlyle, that good brings forth good, that from evil comes nothing but evil, is, I think, one of the very most precious ever enunciated; one which we should never have lost sight of if we had believed the Bible; one which is itself the real cure for those pantheistic notions respecting the faith and morality of different ages which the work on Hero-Worship, and others of the same kind, seem occasionally to encourage.

If, then, we do want to know why Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau, exercised a power which no mere impostors or charlatans, no mere defiers of authority, ever could exercise, the question remains, whether Mr. Carlyle has rightly expressed the cause and the nature of this power in the words to which I have referred. My own strong conviction is that he has. I conceive Mahomet was able to do what he did, because he felt the will of God to be a reality; because he had ascertained it to be so, not by tradition, but by inward conflicts; and because he was willing to act upon the strength of this conviction. I believe that Cromwell was able to do what he did, because he felt spiritual life to be a reality, and was ready to stake his own existence and reputation, and to destroy whatever stood in his way, for the sake of that conviction. Once more: I believe Rousseau was able to do what he did, because, in a day when conventions alone were worshipped, he discovered, from his own miserable experience, that ther

is a deep ground of fact below all these, and that they must perish if they set themselves against it. Here is Mr. Carlyle's explanation: I ask, is it not one which throws a brilliant light upon the records of these men's lives, and of the time in which they lived? I ask, again, does it not throw a brilliant light upon our own lives and upon our own times? Do we seriously believe that any man will ever assert a great truth in our day, or bring back one which has been lost; that he will ever work any great reformation in the state of society; that he will ever be anything himself,—if he merely speaks that which he has got by hearsay—if what he speaks is not that which he has wrestled for in his chamber; that which he has a thousand times lost, and which has a thousand times been given him again; that which he continually stammers out in the most ignorant way, which he can seldom utter to others, or even to himself, but which haunts him, and pursues him, and will not let him go; which he knows that the devil is ever plotting to take from him; which he trusts in God shall not be taken from him? Sir, if we mean by standing up for the Church and for tradition, anything which is inconsistent with this, I am sure we shall be knocked down. If any tradition is precious to us, it must be precious because it links itself with our own eternal being; if the Church is precious to us, it must be because it reveals itself to us as that which alone can satisfy the wants of that being. We may fight for it well enough upon other terms, when half the world is on our side to hold fast to it, when no party is cheering us on. When without are fightings and within are fears, when there is a scoffing spirit in the heart repeating the scoffs of wise, and wily, and religious men. This is another work altogether, for which I tremble, lest we should be found very ill prepared when the day comes that demands it of us.

I have admitted that there is one-half of the problem respecting the men treated of in Mr. Carlyle's book which he has not worked out. He has told us, I believe, truly, wherein the strength of Mahomet, of Cromwell, and of Rousseau, lay; he has not told us the cause of their weakness. I am as little inclined to overlook one portion of the facts as the other. But it seems to me that the person who sets us right about one-half of the case when we were going very wrong, puts us in a better road for finding out the other half than we could possibly be in before. When I have fully acknowledged the might of Mahomet's truth, I am able to account for the vigour, the heart, the magnanimity of the early Mussulmans, for the love of truth and the many noble qualities which are in them still. Reverence for an absolute Being, a belief in His will, as the law of human action and of the world's, are enough to interpret all that was ever great in them—the decay of this belief interprets all the loss they have sustained. But why did these qualities never secure to them freedom, sympathy with men as men—all the qualities which belong to humanity simply as such, and that self-respect which keeps men from the most beastly crimes? To answer this question in Mr. Carlyle's spirit, we should look at what Mahomet denied, as before we looked at what he asserted. We shall find he denied that there ever had been a man in the world who could say, "I am one with the absolute Being: he that hath seen me hath seen Him." I say, admit Mr. Carlyle's doctrine as to the secret of what Mahomet was, and what he could do, and you

have cleared the road to the discovery of that which he was not—that which he could not do. It is nothing to me whether Mr. Carlyle admits the second position or not—nothing to me whether he would utterly repudiate it, and call me a quack or a sham for proclaiming it: I care nothing for that. He may not be the least obliged to me, but I may be deeply obliged to him for delivering me from an error which I had before, and for enabling me to see a truth, which I had before, more clearly. So, again, in respect to Cromwell: I believe the right acknowledgment of his power is the clue to understand the cause of his impotence. “He could not execute the christian religion,” says Mr. Carlyle, in his last book, “and therefore his body swung at Tyburn.” Just so, the thought that the spiritual life in man was everything; that everything which was not this, was not the christian religion; that everything that was not this, was to be taken away. And he found that he could not execute this idea, for it was not the idea of Him who promised to send the Spirit to guide men into all truth, and who said that the Spirit would not testify of itself, but of Him. He never set the spiritual life in man above that fixed and eternal truth of which the man who had the life becomes a partaker. He had appointed fixed and permanent ordinances, to be the witnesses of this truth. The man who would have the life without these, could not “execute” his religion. The phrase may be strange, but it is a happy and significant one. So, lastly, is it with Rousseau. He did exercise a mighty influence over the minds of men; but we have Mr. Carlyle’s testimony, that the constitutions which were based upon the Social Contract “could not march.” He has shown us—no one so well—what kind of thing that nature proved itself to be, which Rousseau would have made the lawgiver of the universe. These facts, too, have need to be accounted for; and having learnt that Rousseau’s strength consisted in asserting that there is something which is above artifice or convention, we are driven to conclude that this something must be a higher order, a higher life; this higher order, this truer life, being that which is indeed intended for man, and proper to man, but which ceases to be his when he becomes a worshipper of nature, instead of a worshipper of God—when he sets up himself, instead of crucifying himself.

Sir, these conclusions seem to me not at all less valuable because they evolve themselves quietly and naturally out of facts not produced for the purpose of establishing them—out of principles apparently remote from them; and I believe, in like manner, that no statement which the reviewer, or which I could make, of our conviction that the different sides and forms of faith are all contained in the one faith which the Church embodies or the Bible sets forth; that the different Heroes of the world demand a central Hero, who shall be an actual historical Person, who shall concentrate the scattered rays of goodness and power, who shall be one with Humanity and above it; could equal, in moral force, the evidence which a book like Mr. Carlyle’s affords, of the necessity of some truth in which all truths shall find their meeting-point and reconciliation; of that truth being not an abstraction, but one which has been embodied in a person; not a congeries of notions, but the foundation of the bond of human life and human society. Not only in those words which indicate the continual

feeling after such a centre, but quite as much in those which seem to deny the existence of it, or to substitute some vague, unreal centre for it, does this necessity make itself apparent. And this, I conceive, may be the *Preparatio Evangelica* of our day. To one who has passed through it, we may present our Gospels as they stand, and say, Here is He in whom we believe; here is One who actually lived and suffered; here is strength perfected in weakness; this is He that should come—we need not look for another.

It seems to me, sir, a very serious question, whether it is a safe or light thing to check, by any influence of ours, this kind of evidence from finding its way into the minds of our countrymen. Other kinds of evidence, it is quite clear, have worn themselves out; they are not only ineffective, they actually destroy the effect of that which they profess to recommend to us, and force upon us. And yet I do not think that mere Church authority—the mere saying “So it is,” can be felt by any one to be a substitute for this evidence. The question always recurs, *What is?* Not, surely, these words which you utter, but that which these words speak of: and how to get men to feel this, to know this, is the difficulty. What a difficulty! Oh! if by any process of doubt or despair it might be overcome; if we might be goaded into realities, compelled to grapple with them, by feeling this solid earth, and the goodly canopy of heaven, nothing but a congregation of vapours! This will be worth our while; but it is better, surely, to meet with one who does not lead us into mere scepticism, who is always looking for something solid; always promising himself, and encouraging others, to believe that it does exist, and may at length be found. What if he does not say confidently that it has been found—if he sometimes insinuates the contrary? The state of mind into which he brings us—it is at least charitable and comfortable to suppose the state of mind in which he is himself—is not one which will quarrel with the source whence the light came, provided it be the light he needs; not one which could say the light must be a delusion, because it looks out from the stars or the sun, not from a glass mirror or a gas lamp. And it is a sad thought to many of us, that, being confident we do know of a light shining from the heavens, which is just what the pilgrim over the earth needs, we have not made it manifest to him, by walking in it, rejoicing in it, proclaiming it; but have led him to think it was no better than some flickering farthing rush candle kindled by ourselves.

Sir, I know well the ready answer to this statement: “It is all very fine to talk of discovering these truths, or helps to truths, in Mr. Carlyle's writings; but does one in six readers discover them? and are not reviews written for the five in six, not for the one in six? And have not these five need to be warned of a teacher who will assuredly deceive them, whatever benefits he may be fancied to confer on the lucky transcendental individual?”

There is one point in this argument of a delicate nature, which I would rather pass over; but, as I have committed myself so far, I will speak my mind upon it—I mean the office of christian reviewers. What the office of the worldly reviewer is we all know; to detect all the faults which he can in a book or a man; to show how little good can be said of him—especially, if he be a man of thought, or

genius, or moral influence, to show how much evil is in him. I should have ventured to think that the christian critic was not merely to apply these same principles to a different class of writings or persons, but to act upon entirely different principles. I should have thought that he was especially bound to use the loving powers with which he is endowed, for the purpose of bringing to light that which is good in every work or person who is able to exert any influence over his countrymen, for the very purpose of making that influence beneficial — of confounding and discomfiting anything that is evil in it. I should have thought (and here I do not wholly speak from guess; I am not simply casting stones at others less guilty than myself,) that any one who had failed in doing this, who had been tempted to write or speak upon any other maxim, would find cause for frequent and repeated self-reproach and repentance; would feel that he had wronged his own mind, and not only the minds of others, because perchance he had few or no listeners. But, waiving these points, upon which I have been over bold in touching, I should like to inquire who those five in six readers are, for whose especial benefit Churchmen think it needful to adopt the practice of the world. Are they, in this particular case, persons who are already readers and admirers of Mr. Carlyle? The probable effect of such criticism will be to convince them that Churchmen have no sympathy with that which they have felt to be true and useful to themselves; whatever, then, they have heard which is disadvantageous to the Church and its ministers, will be strengthened and deepened in their mind. To this part of their author's creed they will cling: what qualifies it they most likely reject. Or are they persons already disposed to be afraid of this author, with a very sufficient and reasonable horror of him; these are the very men to whom he could not do mischief — to whom he might do much good; men who, if they are to be worth anything as Churchmen, require to be sifted and winnowed, lest haply, in the day when a mightier winnower appears, they shall be found chaff and not wheat. So that this kind of reviewing, which is studiously contrived for the majority, and not for the minority, has the merit of discountenancing the best, encouraging the worst in every class of that majority.

As far as my own experience has gone, the warmest admirers of Mr. Carlyle are to be found among very simple people, women especially, who love their Bible above all other books, and would hate any which did not lead them to love it more. Such persons, with that faculty of love which so far excels the merely judicial faculty in subtlety and discrimination, have detected something at the heart of his writings which reached into their deepest faith and convictions, and have thrown aside, as wholly extraneous, or at all events as unintelligible, what seemed to contradict them. You may tell such readers that they have been all wrong — that you know better; but you will not easily convince them. Not pride, not self-will, but genuine humility, self-distrust, affectionate charity to that which has imparted wisdom, are enlisted against you. Your arguments, and criticisms, and sneers, will not seem to them the least in accordance with the spirit of the Bible or the Church; they will still obstinately declare that Mr. Carlyle has done more to give them a delight in what is

living and true, and, therefore, into the Bible and the Church, than you have. Might it not be well to enter into such prejudices a little; to inquire the meaning of them; to see whether they are wholly monstrous.

But I must conclude this long letter. I hold no brief from Mr. Carlyle; he would not thank me for my advocacy. I am jealous, not for his honour, but for that of the body to which I belong; I am sure that it is the body in the world which ought to acknowledge and love truth wherever it manifests itself; the one body which, if it understand its own rights and persons, could afford to do so. How long will its members treat it as a sect, while they boast of it as a Church? how long will they hold that its power is shown in rejecting and denying, not in embracing and harmonizing?

I am, my dear Sir, your obedient servant,

F. MAURICE.

[Every thing from Mr. Maurice's pen is sure to be both interesting and important; and therefore we rely on our readers at once justifying us for such a departure from our rules, as is involved in admitting into our pages anything like discussion upon our articles, and acquiescing in the declaration which we now make, that the proceeding is not to be regarded as a precedent. It appears to us, we own, that Mr. Maurice over-rates the difference between his and our estimate of Mr. Carlyle. In most of what he has said we cordially coincide; and he admits that there are elements in Mr. C.'s mind and speculations, which he will not deny to be very dangerous ones. If so, are we not to point out the dangers? Do none of the admiring readers of "The History of the French Revolution," "Chartism," "Hero-Worship," &c. with whom he comes in contact, require to have it pointed out to them that fine religious sentiment is not Faith; and that while we are indulging in the one, we are under a very peculiar danger of forgetting the other? Are there no hero-worshippers in whose eyes Genius is all but infallible, and who must be made to see that there is but one Law for man, whether richly or poorly endowed; that the richest gifts of Genius are turned into curses by those who use them as means of separation from their brethren, and that the differences between man and man are as nothing compared with the links which ought to unite them? Is it safe to allow hero-worship to be turned in the direction of a Rousseau, without one word of protest?

We entirely agree with Mr. Maurice, that it is the office of a christian reviewer rather to seek for and draw out the good there may be in a writer, than to show up all the evil: but he has probably not seen our former article on the Hero-Worship, in which we endeavoured, however unsuccessfully, to discharge this duty. He, however, has done it far better than we have, and, cordially thanking him for his interesting and valuable observations, we leave them to take the place of our former article, and, instead of that, to be combined by our readers with our latter one on Carlyle, which we still think to have been much called for; as we do not believe the number of persons who have "a very sufficient and reasonable horror" of this author, to be nearly so great as Mr. Maurice imagines.]

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF LONDON, Oct. 1.

|
BP. OF RIPON, Dec. 17.

BP. OF ELY, Dec. 3.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BP. OF WINCHESTER, at St. Heliers, Island of Jersey, on Thursday, Aug. 24.

DEACON.

Of Oxford.—L. M. Humbert, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—P. Le Maistre, B.A. Pem.*Of Cambridge.*—W. Braithwaite, B.A. Jesus.*Of Dublin.*—F. A. Vincent, B.A. Trin.; J. C. F. Vincent, B.A. Trin.*By the LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, at Exeter, on Sunday, Sept. 24.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—G. G. Hayter, B.A. Oriel; C. J. A. Padby, B.A. Exet.; T. L. Rich, s.c.l. New Inn H.; T. Renwick, B.A. Ch. Ch.; W. Savage, B.A. Queen's.*Of Cambridge.*—J. B. Chalker, B.A. St. John's; T. O. Feetham, B.A. Trin.; R. G. Maul, B.A. St. John's; G. H. Parminster, B.A. Trin.; P. V. Robinson, B.A. Ch. Ch.; J. W. Ward, B.A. St. John's.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—C. H. Archer, B.A. Ball; R. L. Bampfield, B.A. Trin.; F. E. B. Cole, B.A. St. Edm. H.; J. Harris, B.A. Pemb.; W. E. Vigor, B.A. Worc.; C. H. Walker, B.A. Worc.*By the LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, at Peterborough, on Sunday, Sept. 24.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. White, B.A. New Inn H.*Of Cambridge.*—J. P. Goodman, B.A. Emm.; W. Hildebrand, B.A. Clare H.; D. M. Mackintosh, B.A. Corp. Chris.; W. W. F. Murray, B.A. Corp. Chris.; S. K. Swann, B.A. Christ's; J. Taylor, B.A. Trin.; J. Blackburn, B.A. Pemb. (i. d. Abp. of York.)*Of Durham.*—H. M. Short, Univ. (i. d. Bp. of Ripon.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—F. W. W. Martin, B.A. Ball.*Of Cambridge.*—J. W. Ayre, B.A. St. Peter's; W. Bennett, B.A. St. John's; R. Bryan, B.A. Trin.; C. Charlton, B.A. St. John's; W. Dusan-tay, B.A. Sid. Sus.; W. L. Towke, B.A. Queen's;*W. Twynne, B.A. Magd. (i. d. Abp. of York); W. M. Kerr, B.A. St. John's; J. Sutherland, B.A.**By the LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD, at Hereford, on Sunday, Sept. 24.*

DEACONS.

Of Cambridge.—H. Homer, B.A. Jesus; W. Nuttall, B.A. Queen's; R. Burgess, B.A. Christ's; J. F. Macmichael, B.A. Trin.; S. B. Taylor, M.A. Trin.; T. Evans, B.A. St. John's; J. H. Roberts, B.A. Clare H.*Of Dublin.*—T. J. Avaré, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—W. Taylor, B.A. Trin.; R. Meredith, B.A. St. Alb. H.*Of Cambridge.*—S. C. Brown, B.A. St. John's; R. Hey, B.A. St. John's; J. Winter, B.A. Jesus; C. H. Ramsden, B.A. Trin.; J. B. Webb, B.A. Corp. Chris.*Of Dublin.*—T. Gawthrop, B.A. Trin.; C. A. Graham, B.A. Trin.*By the LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY, at Salisbury, on Sunday, Sept. 24.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—R. Simpson, B.A. Oriel; G. F. S. Powell, B.A. Wad.; E. Bradley, B.A. Magd. H. (i. d. Bp. of Chichester); C. F. Lowder, B.A. Exet.; T. H. Ravenhill, B.A. Worc.; R. A. H. Stroud, B.A. Wad., and R. H. Taylor, B.A. Trin. (i. d. of Bath and Wells.)*Of Cambridge.*—D. E. Domville, B.A. Christ's; J. Crofts, B.A. Queen's; G. Stallard, B.A. St. John's; L. F. Thomas, B.A. Queen's (i. d. Bp. of Bath and Wells.)*Of Dublin.*—W. Fry, B.A. Trin. (i. d. Bp. of Bath and Wells.)

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. B. Edgill, B.A. Ball; B. B. Astley, B.A. St. Alb. H.; E. A. Ferryman, B.A. Univ.; T. H. House, Worc.; R. Cooper, B.A. Wad.; W. Jackson, B.A. Queen's; T. D'Oyley Walters, B.A. Ch. Ch. (i. d. Bp. of Bath and Wells.)*Of Cambridge.*—G. C. Gordon, B.A. Corp. Chris.; J. Beck, M.A. Corp. Chris.; E. R. Prother, B.A. Magd. (i. d. Bp. of Bath and Wells.)*Of Durham.*—M. Brown, B.A. Univ.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Abraham, T. E. ...	{ Trinity Ch., Bicker- staffe, P.C. }	Chester.....	Earl Derby.....
Adamson, E. H.	St. Alban, Heworth, P.C.	Durham....	{ Rev. M. Plummer, P. C. of Heworth... }	£150	2009
Anson, T. A.	Billingsford, N.	Norwich ...	Rt. Hon. E. Ellice
Arthur, G.	Rowington, V.	Worcester..	Lord Chancellor.....	116	933

PREFERMENTS—Continued.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Bean, J. P.	{St. Mary, Alderman- bury, P.C.}	London	Parishioners	£255	789
Bradford, Wm. K.	Wecke, R.	Winchester	Bp. of Winchester	234	182
Brown, E.	Monkton Farleigh, R.	Sarum	Bp. of Salisbury	169	396
Burrows, S.	Sheinton, R.	Lichfield	Late Rev. J. Hodgson	283	133
Chapman, T.	Radford-Semele, V.	Worcester ..	H. Greswolde, Esq.	136	478
Cockerton, J.	Turweston, R.	Lincoln	D. & C. of Westminster	300	371
Coles, J. J.	{St. Barnabas, Bristol, P.C.}	G. & B.
Courtenay, F.	{St. Sidwell's, Exeter, P.C.}	Exeter	Vicar of Heavitree	252	6602
Cox, J.	Palgrave, R.	Norwich	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart. ...	317	760
Cripps, J. M.	Gt. Yeldham, R.	London	Mrs. J. M. Cripps	395	673
Cumberlege, J.	Egginton, P.C.	Ely	Parishioners	45	348
Drury, H.	Alderley, R.	G. & B.	R. H. B. Hale, Esq.	140	200
Evans, E. C.	{Hope-under-Dinmore P.C.}	Hereford ...	Bishop of Hereford	82	555
Figgins, J. L.	{St. Clement, Man- chester, P.C.}	Chester	Trustees
Fisher, J. T.	Uphill, R.	B. & W.	John Fisher, Esq.	184	366
Freeland, H.	Hasketon, R.	Norwich ...	Rev. H. Freeland	290	517
Fullerton, A.	Thriberg, R.	York	J. Fullerton, Esq.	329	332
Gilby, F. D.	{St. James, Chelten- ham, P.C.}	G. & B.	Trustees	250	...
Hill, H. T.	Wolverley, V.	Exempt	D. & C. of Worcester	250	1840
Hippisley, R. W.	Stow-on-the-Wold, R.	G. & B.	H. Hippisley	525	1810
Hodgson, J.	Hoxne cum Denham, V.	Norwich ...	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart. ...	456	1519
James, H.	Willington, R.	Chichester..	D. & C. of Chichester..	67	603
Jenkins, R.	{Christ Church, Turn- ham Green, P.C.}	London
Kennaway, C. E.	{Trinity Ch., Brighton, P.C.}	Chichester..	Late Rev. R. Anderson	150	...
Larken, E. R.	Burton, R.	Lincoln	Lord Monson	419	177
Lindley, W.	{Thirsk and Sandhut- ton, P.C.}	York	Abp. of York	143	3829
M'Gill, T.	{St. John, Evangelist, Liverpool, P.C.}	Chester
Marshall, H. P.	Brampton, R.	Norwich ...	R. Marshall, Esq.	160	207
Marychurch, H. W.	St. John's, Weston, P.C.	B. & W.	Lord Chancellor	468	2566
Mayhew, —	Laneham, V.	Lincoln	D. & C. of York	56	347
Montgomery, S. V.	Upper Gornal, P.C.	Lichfield..	Vicar of Sedgeley
Moore, C. A.	Kerry, V.	St. David's..	Bishop of St. David's..	330	2199
Morgan, D.	Ham, R.	Sarum	Bp. of Winchester	457	205
North, J. H.	Herringsfleet, V.	Norwich ...	John Leathes, Esq.	183
Robson, J. U.	Winston, V.	Norwich ...	D. & C. of Ely	169	398
Symonds, T. M.	Hanwick, V.	York	Fullerton, Esq.
Temple, W.	Seasalter, V.	Canterbury.	D. & C. of Canterbury..	130	945
Todd, E. J.	{Sherborne cum Wind- rush, V.}	G. & B.	Lord Sherborne	194	1058
Topham, J.	{St. Nicholas, Droit- wich, R.}	Worcester ..	Earl Somers
Trollope, E.	{Leasingham, South & North, R.}	Lincoln	Sir J. Thorold	924	{358
Waud, S. W.	Retenden	London	Bp. of Ely	765	761
Weddall, W. L.	Dunwich, P.C.	Norwich ...	{Lord Huntingfield & J. Barne, Esq.}	40	232
Whitworth, T.	Thorpe, St. Peter, V.	Lincoln	W. Hopkinson	313	498

APPOINTMENTS.

Elliott, G.	{Head Master of Solihull Grammar School.	Medwin, T. R.	{Head Mast. of the Gram. Sch., Stratford-upon-Avon.
Grenside, C.	{Chaplain to the British Resi- dents in Archangel.	Milner, J.	{Chaplain of St. Anne's Hos- pital, Appleby.
May, C. J.	{Rectory of St. George's in the East, Jamaica.	Saunders, J. C.	{Evening Lect. at St. John's, Southwark.
		Weldon, J. I.	Mast. of Tunbridge School.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Abdy, C. B., at Coopersole Rectory.
 Bridges, T. E., D.D., President of Corpus Christi
 College, Oxford.
 Dalton, J. H., at Hetherside, Cumberland.
 Deighton, W.
 Dennis, J., Vicar of White Notley.
 Hale, J., Rector of Holton and Rector of Bus-
 lingthorpe, Lincoln.
 Hare, M., at the Rectory, Liddington.
 Jones, E., Vicar of Colwinstone.
 Levett, R., at Milford Hall.
 Marshall, F. J., M.A., of New Coll. Oxford, 31.

Myddelton, C. P., Inc. of Heaton Norris Chap.,
 and Chaplain to the Earl of Tyrconnel.
 Pratt, H., of Wartling.
 Prior, Dr., Vice-Provost of Trin. Coll., Dublin.
 Ramshaw, C., Vicar of Fewstone.
 Rosbotham, W.
 Shaw, F. W., Min. St. Ann's Chap., Wandsworth.
 Tate, J., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's and
 Vicar of Edmonton.
 Taylor, W. R., Rector of Town Barningham, &
 Perpetual Curate of West Beckham.
 Tomlin, J., A.M., Dom. Chap. to Earl Grey.
 Verner, Dr. G. O., at Croydon.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SCOTLAND.

DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN.—We understand that the Rev. Alexander Allan has lately resigned the cure of Monymusk in this diocese. At the synod of the diocese of Aberdeen, which was held on the 9th current, the Bishop directed the attention of his clergy to a lecture preached by Mr. Allan, in the month of March last, to the congregation of St. Mary's, Inverary, which was subsequently published under the title of "A Lecture on the Distinctive Characters and Relative Bearings of Theological Parties in the Christian Church." The Bishop went on to state, that various points of heretical doctrine seemed to be promulgated and set forth in said lecture, with the apparent approbation of the author, which must be denounced and entirely disclaimed by the Church, whether they are to be considered as the opinions of the "Parties" to whom Mr. Allan ascribes them, or of the writer and preacher himself. The Bishop produced his correspondence with Mr. A. on this painful subject, and appointed a select committee of the members of synod to take the case into their consideration, and report to the synod accordingly.

After serious deliberation, the committee reported to the synod that they had come to the conclusion that the lecture in question contains much that is highly censurable, as being at variance with the teaching of the Holy Catholic Church in general, and with that branch of it which exists in Scotland in particular. But that, as it was rather difficult to determine precisely how far the lecturer means the various statements

upon which they had occasion to remark, to be an expression of his own opinions, or merely a narrative of the doctrinal views of the "parties" which he avers have always been found in the Christian Church, the committee contented themselves with expressing their conviction, that Mr. Allan was guilty of very great indiscretion (to give it the mildest term), in making subjects of such grave importance the matter of a discourse to a Christian congregation, while, at the same time, he expressed himself so vaguely as necessarily to leave the minds of those who heard him in great doubt as to what he recommended to them as truths worthy of all acceptance, and what he gave merely as the opinions of sects and parties, and of something even much more censurable, if any importance is to be attached to the notice prefixed to his lecture, which appeared to the committee to implicate the writer as *individually maintaining* certain views set forth in it.

The committee, in conclusion, stated, that they could not fail painfully to remark that the entire discourse is founded on the denial, or non-recognition, of that Article of the Creed—"I believe One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church;" because it supposes the Catholic Church to consist of all sects and parties, however discordant from the truth and from one another, and to have no unity of faith or sacraments.

The report of the committee was unanimously approved of by the synod, and adopted by the Bishop as his judicial decision on the case.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Mr. Hare, of Langham-place, for the interesting document he has sent to us.